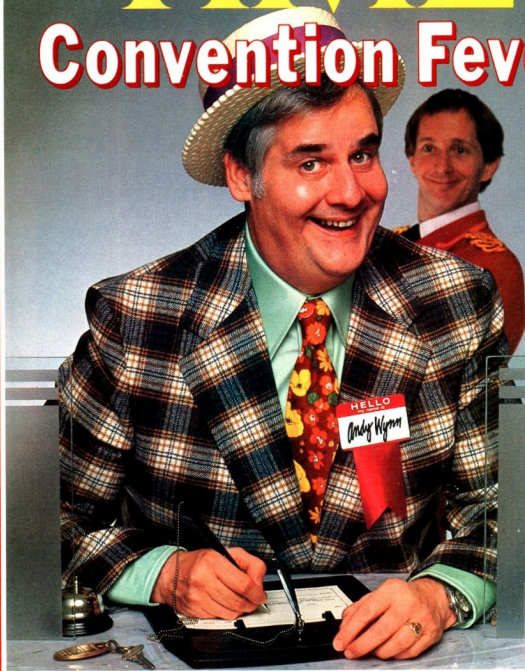


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A Letter from the Publisher

In its issue dated June 17, 1929, *TIME* printed a small ad that made a large offer: for \$60, a reader could purchase a subscription that would last "to the end of *TIME*." In a year when an office worker might earn only \$20 a week, spending \$60 for a newsmagazine just six years old was a bold investment. Nevertheless, nearly 200 readers—from places as diverse as Myitkyina, Burma and Goose Creek, Texas—bet on the future of *TIME*.

"Frankly, the large response surprised me a bit," recalls Roy Larsen, the magazine's first circulation manager and now a vice chairman of Time Inc. "Of course I was quite pleased so many accepted, since it showed a lot of people believed in us and in what we were trying to do." He best remembers the faith shown by a young American priest, whose check was accompanied by a note ordering "the renewal of my subscription for life and forever." Decades later this subscriber, Francis Cardinal Spellman, informed Larsen that his copy of *TIME* was still arriving regularly. Indeed, explained the Archbishop of New York, his perpetual subscription represented one-third of all his

worldly possessions—the other two being his hat and ring.

When we recently discovered that the subscription had been allowed to lapse, we called Monsignor James F. Rigney, secretary to the late Cardinal and now rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and inquired if we might resume delivery. "How can we say no?" replied the monsignor. "It would be like turning down apple pie." Henceforth Terence Cardinal Cooke will receive this particular worldly possession of his predecessor.

We've learned that some perpetual subscribers value their subscriptions highly enough to include them in wills. More than 60 subscriptions have already passed on to other readers. Today, of course, the \$60 investment is a blue chip. If a reader had purchased *TIME* at a newsstand every week during the past 49 years, he would have spent \$788.65. Abraham Katz of Cambridge, Mass., however, regards his subscription as more than just a bargain. "To be a part of the magazine's growth during all these years," says the 75-year-old electrical-supplies distributor, "makes me very proud." We'll be proud to serve you perpetually, Mr. Katz.

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June 17, 1929

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Photograph by Dan Wynn.



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Letters

New Manners

To the Editors:

I was fascinated by your story "America's New Manners" and Social Arbiter Letitia Baldridge [Nov. 27]. After all, when all's said and done, it's really quite simple. Good manners are best defined by the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Gloria Vanderbilt
New York City

Practicing politesse is the pastime of the pretentious.

Alex Navy
Mars Hill, N.C.



Manners permit one to function with people one might otherwise despise. A useful adjunct to civilization.

John Joss
Los Altos, Calif.

An acquaintance of mine has an excellent term for unmarried couples who are living together: covivant. It is charming and elegant, yet highly descriptive.

William V. Rice III
Austin

When a friend of mine introduces or refers to the man with whom his daughter is living in an unmarried state he calls him my "sin-in-law."

Lewis H. Goldman
Washington, D.C.

Lover? Partner? Bedmate? The answer is none of the above. The word for it is "erum," coined from good old American tongue-tiedness as mothers told their friends, "He's my daughter's . . . er . . . um . . . er . . . um . . ."

Sharon Mikutowicz
Philadelphia

Your reference to "the Milwaukee housewife who hauls trash barrels to the curb every Monday morning" is incorrect. No one hauls barrels to the street in Mil-

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Letters

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*Lois Riley
Milwaukee*

Man of the Year

West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt receives my vote for Person of the Year. He has, with his efficient economic management, kept the rates of West Germany's inflation and unemployment low.

*Misana Wylie
Morgantown, W. Va.*

I realize that Begin and Sadat hold the spotlight with their soft-shoe routine, but I would like you to register my vote for the young, attractive and miraculous Premier of Spain—Don Adolfo Suarez.

*Daniel L. Aubry
Almeria, Spain*

I nominate Ayatullah Khomeini, spiritual leader of the Iranian people, for Man of the Year. He is shaking the Shah, demanding an Islamic government.

*Hameed Murad
Safat, Kuwait*

Woman of the Year: Betty Ford.

*Robert F. Bourque
La Jolla, Calif*

Congressman Leo Ryan.

*I.M. Spuller
Dallas*

The Rev. Jesse Jackson's positive activism in the midst of the cynical apathy that surrounds the problem-plagued minorities deserves nomination for TIME's Man of the Year.

*Dan Witt
Dallas*

Did Camelot Exist?

If we need Ted Kennedy as President to "feel good again," as you say in "Recalling the Kennedys" [Nov. 27], our American malaise runs deeper than the horrors of Guyana would indicate. Let's face it. There never was a Camelot.

*Janet Blair Dominick
Altamonte Springs, Fla.*

Few would deny that there is a distinct Kennedy charm, but the Massachusetts Senator has displayed too many contradictions in his personal life and his policy statements to merit serious consideration. "Feeling good again" might be an appropriate slogan for a health spa, but not for a presidential campaign.

*Raymond C. Perry
New York City*

Yes, it was a fun time, even for those of us who were not living in or near Washington. We do need another lift in these



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Letters

times. I hope our present President can help us, though he lacks the style of President Kennedy. I know of no one else except Teddy, but agree with those who say, "Oh, I hope he doesn't."

(Mrs.) Betty Kennedy
El Paso

Antithesis of Liberty

The disgraceful conduct of striking teachers at Levittown (Nov. 27) is further proof that unions of government employees should be outlawed. Tire-slashing and window-breaking criminals should not be allowed to teach. Unions are the antithesis of liberty.

William B. Templeton, D.D.S.
Charlotte, N.C.

The American public does not think of teachers as vital to daily life because they don't deliver instant results. We pay off truck drivers, longshoremen and railway workers with fat increases because we want our goods delivered now, and because it's good business. But when it comes to education, we think there is no profit to reap, so why pay off?

Melvin W. Livatino
Skokie, Ill.

Putting down Pap

It seems incredible to me that Public Health Researcher Foltz and Epidemiologist Kelsey, described in your story "Flap About Pap" (Nov. 13), would put down the Pap smear on the basis of "considerable expense." This relatively simple test, which can detect cancer, costs only about \$6. Further, if the test does not detect cancerous conditions 25% to 30% of the time, isn't this all the more reason to have checkups annually and not every three to five years?

Robert G. Schwieger
New York City

Job Discrimination

The Church of England doesn't want women priests (Nov. 20) because the men are afraid they'll lose their jobs. Women in England who seek the priesthood should drop the rhetoric and address the issue: job discrimination. The priesthood may be a calling, but it is also a means of earning a living, like any other job.

Francesca Larson
Edison, N.J.

In response to the comment rejecting women for ordination in the Church of England ("I want women to be women"), should we say, "I want men to be men, not priests?"

(The Rev.) Betty Luginbill
Fairbanks

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A rural community's only physician at work: Thieu Bui examining a newborn infant

American Scene

In Arkansas: An M.D. from Saigon

"It's still King Cotton here," says William Place, mayor of Wilmot, Ark., as he drives the short distance from his house to the aging Deyampert Gin. Most of the cotton trailers that are used to haul the bolls to the local gins sit idle in the fields, their fenced wire walls speckled with tufts of white. Route 165, running north-south through this part of the cotton belt, is littered with cottontail puffs left over from the fall picking season.

Wilmot (pop. 1,202), just five miles from the Louisiana border, is a farm town: cotton, beans, rice and some cattle. A railroad track runs down the main street past a pair of gas stations, an auto-supply store, Jane's Grocery, the Wilmot Bank, the Bennett Pharmacy and Aunt Martha's Antique Shop. Next to the police station (one chief, two patrol officers) on the west side of the street is Lake Enterprise, so low in this drought year that the tangled roots of the cypress trees are visible above the water line. One lone fisherman pilots his boat across the darkening surface. "It's best to keep on driving," a young Wilmot woman advises cheerfully, suggesting that there is nothing much in Wilmot to detain a passing stranger. But that has not proved true in the case of Dr. Thieu Bui.

Three years ago, Wilmot, like thousands of other rural towns, all over America, had no doctor. The last M.D. had moved off to Memphis (more profitable), and the nearest was 30 miles away. But on the other side of the world Saigon was falling. Among the thousands of refugees aboard the final military flights in April 1975 were hundreds of doctors, bound first for American bases in the Far East, then for U.S. camps. Bill Johnson, a wealthy farmer and president of Wilmot's doctorless Medical Center

Board, saw an opportunity. In May 1975 he went to Fort Chaffee, Ark., on a recruiting mission. There he eagerly agreed to sponsor Dr. Thieu Bui and Dr. Ton That De, both former South Vietnamese army officers.

In June the two doctors checked out of the camp and moved with their families into a couple of rent-free houses owned by the Wilmot public school. Townspeople collected donations of furniture, clothing and kitchen items to help the new doctors and their families get started. Johnson helped them obtain temporary medical licenses. The town applied for funding from the National Health Service Corps, which provides needed health care in underserved areas of the country. "The first day the clinic opened again," recalls Mayor Place, "people were standing in line."

The Wilmot Doctors Clinic is situated in half of a shabby, cinder-block building just off the main street. In the other half is a nursing home owned by the mayor. Since Dr. De left for Michigan in December 1977, Dr. Bui has been running the clinic alone. In May, with the approval of the town, he resigned from the Health Service Corps and the clinic is now a private facility. "He has his own business now. How large it grows depends on how hard he wants to work," says Mayor Place. "We are trying to make him as happy as we can."

Most days Dr. Bui, 44, a slight, shy man with a boyish cowl, is up by 6 a.m. and on his way in his 1975 Ford Granada to Chicot Memorial Hospital in Lake Village, Ark., 35 miles away. By 10 a.m. he is back in his clinic.

Dr. Bui sees 15 to 20 patients a day. Most are poor and black, their ailments mainly heart trouble, high blood pressure, arthritis and diabetes. Just before noon



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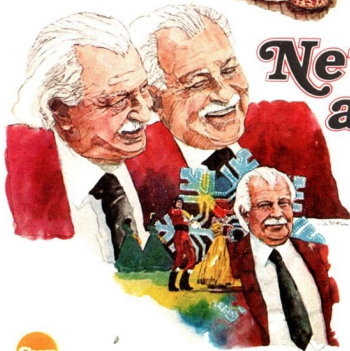


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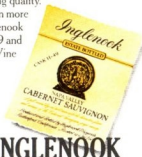
It's a wine special enough to represent 100 years of impeccable quality and exacting standards.

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Inglenook Vineyard, Rutherford, Napa Valley, California

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Hotel Okura Tokyo, Japan
In a class by itself
Iwajiro Noda, Chairman

American Scene

the hospital calls to tell him that an obstetrical patient is in the last stages of labor. Bui hurries to his 1975 Ford Granada for a trip he sometimes has to make four times a day (half an hour each way). He speeds toward Lake Village, chain-smoking Vantage 100s, but when he reaches the town, he is too late. Barbara Jones is already lying on the delivery table smiling at her newborn girl, her first baby in 13 years.

At lunchtime, Bui pulls into the driveway of the spacious four-bedroom, \$36,000 house that he and his wife Simone have just bought and renovated. Three beautiful almond-eyed children rush up to greet him. "Gimmee some Co-ak," shouts 5½-year-old Thienan (nicknamed Firecracker) in a disconcerting Southern drawl. "I speak Vietnamese to him and he answers me in English," says Dr. Bui. Thien Nga, who at 3½ is nearly as tall as her brother, and Jo Ann, 2, both born in the U.S., compete for Bui's attention. The household also includes 14-year-old Loan, Simone's child by her first marriage. Bui's son Tuyen, 17, also from a previous marriage, is at an Arkansas boarding school that is run by the Catholic Church and has several black students.

The family's lunches are cooked by Mary, the Bui's black maid. But Simone usually prepares a Vietnamese-style dinner. She buys ingredients in bulk (20-30 lbs. of rice noodles at a time) from specialty stores as far away as Virginia and Baton Rouge, La. Their house is a meeting of East and West. Lacquered tables made by Vietnamese artisans and imported from Paris, a Chinese screen bought in Washington, a cowhide rug, a color TV, thick carpeting and soft upholstered sofas. "You show your Penney's card and take what you want home," chuckles Bui, who has quickly adopted the U.S. system of easy credit. But he adds: "Of course we know we will have to pay some day."

Thieu Bui was better equipped to be assimilated into middle-class American life than most of the 156,000 Vietnamese who are trying to take hold here. He got excellent medical training in Saigon. In 1967-68 he also served as a resident at a West Virginia medical center, where he passed the crucial foreign medical graduates exam.

When Saigon fell, he was a colonel in the Vietnamese medical corps and had no alternative but to flee. His son Tuyen was close to military age and Bui, fearing the boy would be "drafted or used by the Communists," brought him along with his new family. Three other young children stayed behind with their mother, Bui's first wife. Bui's own mother and a brother who teaches school in Saigon also refused to leave. Once in the U.S., Dr. Bui encountered only one major setback. The first time he tried, he failed his national licensing exam. But after taking a three-month review with emphasis on reading English, he passed in December 1977.



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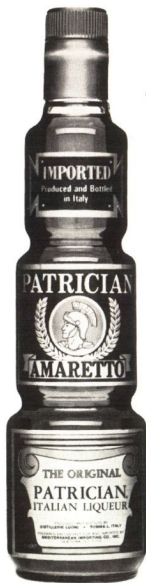
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American Scene

with the highest grade given that session in the state of Arkansas.

For Simone Bui, educated in Paris, trained in the law, reared in what would be upper-class circumstances in the U.S., a rural town in Arkansas presents frustrations. "In Viet Nam it was a good life," she says. "Even in the middle class you could hire at least two people to help you. Here I'm a bit of everything—cook, barmaid, what you call domestic engineer. And sometimes I get lonesome."

The Buis are well enough off that she can sometimes fly to Arlington, Va., to see her sister, or even, occasionally, to Brussels to visit her three brothers and catch up on her law studies. She has accepted the fact that her career plans must be postponed. "We are lucky because my husband had the training," she says. "It's good for him, but it's not good for me." There are few people in Wilmot for the sophisticated, ambitious and rather restless Simone to share her feelings with. The resentments she candidly voiced about life in Wilmot at first provoked understandable criticism. Now she prudently tries to keep them to herself.

Like many others of their class in



Bui and Wife Simone at home in Wilmot with four of their children

Building a new life in the land of credit cards and "Co-ak."

Wilmot, the Buis send their school-age children (except for Tuyen) to a private academy 17 miles away, although the integrated public school is equally good academically. The new life in America is perhaps most puzzling for Loan, a pretty eighth grader at Montrose Academy. She is caught not only in the gap between childhood and adulthood, but in the breach between two continents and two races. "In Viet Nam, parents are strict with their children," says her mother. "They're taught to respect their elders. But that doesn't last in America." Discipline sets Loan apart in Wilmot, more than her appearance. Her classmates are free to come and go, and have few responsibilities. Loan is expected to

WILL CRIVIS

help with the cleaning and cooking and taking care of the smaller children. But the old ways break down. Loan wears cutoff blue jeans and goes barefoot. She has proudly hung up in her bedroom a drawing of Snoopy that she made herself. "I let her do what American children do," says Simone, "but I won't let her go on a date with a boy. I wish she could see that we're not so strange."

Loan's room is decorated with stuffed toys, and pictures of the current crop of teen idols—Shaun Cassidy, Leif Garrett—are pinned to her bulletin board. But she often feels out of place here, confused by the racial tension in the schools, insecure about her own fledgling identity. So remote does her former life seem to her and her classmates that she is surprised when an American visitor recognizes the name Danang. She is even more astonished at the memories the name provokes. But she is only a teenager, a sheltered one, and she recalls little of the fighting. What she does remember is that "we had a big house in Saigon and there were banana trees in the yard. And the people looked just like me."

— Anne Constable

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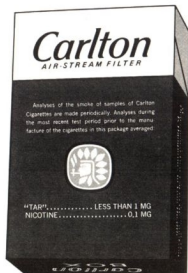
11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

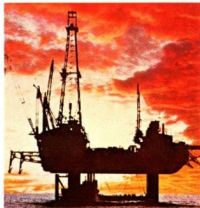
This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



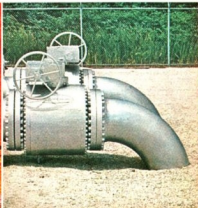
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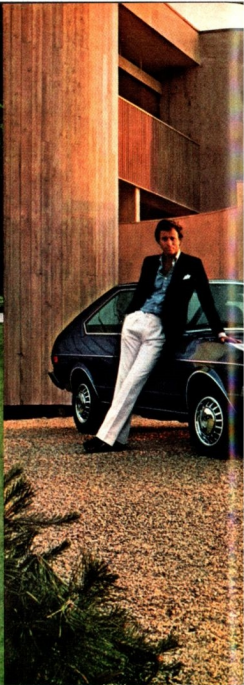


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And you get all that in a car that gives you a lot more, besides.

Like rack & pinion steering, front-

wheel drive, and fuel injection.

As well as such comforting features as wall-to-wall carpeting, crushed velvet upholstery, and fully reclining bucket seats.

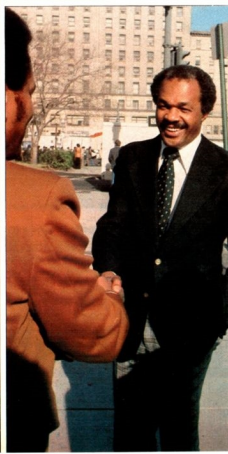
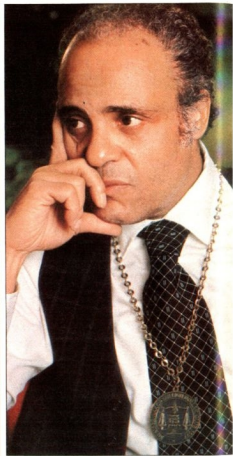
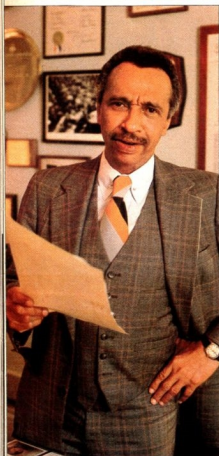
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Nation



Black Leadership Forum Members Joseph Lowery, Carl Holman, Vernon Jordan, OMB's James McIntyre and Benjamin Hooks at White House

TIME/DEC. 18, 1978

Black Voices Speak Up

They warn Carter against budget cutting at the expense of the poor

Even before the twelve black men and women filed into the White House Cabinet room late one afternoon last week, they knew the meeting was going to be unpleasant. For more than a year they had watched Jimmy Carter, the man they had helped make President, moving toward a more and more conservative economic policy. Now there was open talk that the Administration's fight against inflation would mean substantial cuts in federal spending on programs to help the poor. Unemployment would rise, and there might soon be a recession. The black leaders felt slighted and betrayed.

Through a stiff and difficult 30-minute session, the dozen members of the Black Leadership Forum criticized and interrogated Carter. "We're deeply disturbed by what we've heard," said Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. "We don't feel the poor and the minorities ought to bear the burden," said Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind. At one point Coretta Scott King, who campaigned extensively for Carter in 1976, said: "I've just been sitting here. I haven't said anything because I'm so deeply troubled."

Carter was equally blunt. He offered no reassurance that funds for job training, health, welfare, housing, free school lunches and community development

would not be reduced in his fiscal 1980 budget, which will be submitted to Congress next month. Said Carter: "I don't think you'll be very happy. I'll just have to make the decisions, and I am prepared to take the consequences." Could they come back for another meeting before the final budget decisions were made? "No," said Jimmy Carter.

As they drifted out onto the White House grounds, now bejeweled with Christmas lights, the leaders were in a gloomy mood. "Unless black people are given relief," said National Urban League Director Vernon Jordan Jr., "it will be impossible for them to contain their despair or for them to sublimate their anger through the political process. It is a distressful situation that we cannot contain."

Although Administration economists correctly point out that the poor are inflation's first victims, blacks still suffer an 11.5% rate of unemployment, only recently down from 14%. Joblessness among black teen-agers stands at 35%, and blacks still make up a disproportionate share of the nation's poor.

The dispute at the White House may mean serious political trouble for Carter in 1980, if angry and disillusioned blacks either desert him or simply ignore him, as many of them ignored the recent congressional elections. But the meeting also focused attention on the nation's black

leaders. Those who met with the President expect to reconvene next week to plan their next moves against the budget cuts. Their job will not be easy. While they seem to be united in opposition to Carter's fiscal policy, the nation's black leaders today are as varied as the people for whom they speak.

Says Carl Holman, president of the National Urban Coalition: "What's happened in the last ten years is that black leadership has diversified. There's no single figure who bestrides the landscape as Martin King did. We've got people working different vineyards." Says Benjamin Hooks, the N.A.A.C.P.'s executive director: "Black leadership has matured and become diverse to represent the diverse interests of the black community."

The change in black leadership has come about not just because of the death of King. "Let's face it," says Jordan, "blacks have a lot of different, sometimes conflicting interests. The blacks who went into unions 15 years ago have different notions about seniority than those who have just managed to get in. Black entrepreneurs are concerned about such things as the capital gains tax. The views of black bankers on interest rates are likely to be very different from those of black borrowers or civil rights organizations. The issues that concern blacks often transcend race."

In part, this new disparity of interests is a measure of black progress. But it is also a sign of changing problems. "It's no longer a question of sitting in at a lunch counter, but rather the rising price of a shrinking hamburger," says Eddie N.

Opposite page: an array of black leaders. Top: New Orleans Mayor Ernest Morial; Vernon Jordan with colleagues after White House meeting. Middle: Congressman Parren Mitchell; Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson; N.A.A.C.P.'s Benjamin Hooks. Bottom: Carl Holman; Washington, D.C. Mayor-elect Marion Barry; Coretta Scott King.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHRISTOPHER HARRIS; RODNEY W. WINE; BILL PIERCE; MARY DIANA W. WALKER; WALTER BENNETT; CENTER: LEITON—ATLANTA

Nation

Williams, president of the Joint Center for Political Studies in Washington. "You can sit in front of the bus, but will a bus come into your neighborhood and take you to your job? It's not whether there's equal opportunity to get a job, but whether there's a job to be got. These aren't issues of morality; they have to do with sharing the wealth." Says Los Angeles N.A.A.C.P. President Henry B. Dotson Jr.: "It would be a big boost to have a leader to rally around who really understands economics as well as civil rights, but I rather doubt that that kind of messiah is coming soon."

So instead of a few black voices, now there are many. It is all but impossible to rank or rate them. Some head national organizations but have no political power; others have political power but only within a local or regional constituency. After Vernon Jordan first criticized President

lugs badly, there are now 170 black mayors in cities across the country, including such major urban centers as Atlanta, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Detroit and Washington. Marion Barry, Washington's mayor-elect, and his chief deputy, Ivanhoe Donaldson, began their careers as militants in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee in the 1960s. Says Barry: "The times have changed and I have changed. I always knew it was better to make policy than to influence it. Electoral politics is just a tool, like non-violent direct action was a tool."

New Orleans Mayor Ernest Morial believes that local politics is now "the cutting edge of the civil rights movement." But black mayors must balance the needs of all their constituents, often diluting their force as leaders of only the black communities. According to Atlanta's highly regarded Mayor Maynard Jackson,

Despite the increase in their numbers and diversity, black leaders still encounter difficulties in exercising power. They need to form alliances with white politicians, and they find such alliances unreliable in a time of growing conservatism. California's Jerry Brown angered blacks by his tepid support for his running mate, Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally, who lost to a conservative Republican, and for former Congresswoman Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, who lost her campaign for attorney general. Even Ted Kennedy, who remains the most popular white politician among black voters, raised hackles in black communities by campaigning for Ed Brooke's Democratic opponent. Says Massachusetts State Senator Bill Owens: "We'll have to be more cautious in choosing our friends."

With the tide of political sentiment moving against many black concerns, some activists suggest a return to the feistiness of the civil rights movement. Says Howard University Professor Ron Walters: "We need to develop a lobbying apparatus to raise a sophisticated kind of hell. If the Black Caucus meets with the President and is unhappy with what he offers them, what can it do? We need to tie demonstrations in the street more closely to an effect on policies."

One black leader who has done just that is Alfred ("Skip") Robinson. A 42-year-old former building contractor, Robinson last February organized a series of demonstrations protesting alleged police brutality in Tupelo, Miss. He also organized a black boycott of the city's main stores, demanding that they and the city government hire more blacks.

In the tradition of the 1960s, Robinson's group staged hymn-singing marches. Some of his followers were arrested, but the marches spread to Lexington, Oklahoma, Canton and Corinth. The Ku Klux Klan held counterdemonstrations, and there were scattered episodes of violence. Robinson's tactics are not born of nostalgia; they fit his perception of the problem. "There's no such thing as the New South," he says bitterly. "There's more racism in Mississippi in 1978 than there was in 1972." But some blacks see Robinson's approach as self-defeating. When the Tupelo city government recently adopted a sweeping affirmative-action plan, Robinson issued a new list of demands.

Whatever the tactics may be, black leaders want to avert the risks of a period of "benign neglect" once recommended by New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Says Chicago's Jesse Jackson: "Blacks must have a willingness to engage in mass direct action to dramatize particular issues. Unless we put 20,000 or 30,000 people in the streets of 30 major areas around the country, the haves will not develop a consciousness to recognize the have-nots."



"Hey, I haven't forgotten you... but **SOMEONE** has to sit in the back!"

Carter a year ago for neglecting the needs of the poor, he helped create the Black Leadership Forum to pool the resources and influence of 16 political, civil rights and business organizations. The goal, as Carl Holman puts it, was to avoid "speaking to 5,000 separate miseries." The group includes Hooks, Jordan and such well-known figures as Chicago's Rev. Jesse Jackson, Philadelphia's Rev. Leon Sullivan, former Union Organizer Bayard Rustin and Democratic Congressman Parren Mitchell of Maryland.

Many former civil rights activists have moved into local electoral politics, forming what black experts say is a strong new cadre of community leaders. White House Aide Louis Martin, brought in by Carter to smooth his relationships with blacks, notes that since the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the number of elected black officials increased from about 300 to more than 4,000.

Though black voter registration still

lags badly, there are now 170 black mayors in cities across the country, including such major urban centers as Atlanta, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Detroit and Washington. Marion Barry, Washington's mayor-elect, and his chief deputy, Ivanhoe Donaldson, began their careers as militants in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee in the 1960s. Says Barry: "The times have changed and I have changed. I always knew it was better to make policy than to influence it. Electoral politics is just a tool, like non-violent direct action was a tool."

The Black Caucus in Congress is well organized and active, but it lost its most prestigious member in last month's election. Massachusetts' Edward Brooke, the Senate's only black. No black will hold a committee chairmanship or leadership position for either party in the 96th Congress. The Black Caucus claims credit for the passage this year of the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill, but the diluted act simply outlined goals for full employment rather than authorizing the means to achieve it. The Caucus was effective in creating the "minority set-aside program," which earmarks 10% of federal construction funds for black and Hispanic contractors.

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"They're Not Bomb Throwers"

Surprise! Congress's new members seem willing to be led

TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil has been watching members of Congress come and go for 29 years and is a keen observer of their shifting moods. Last week, as the incoming Representatives of the 96th Congress assembled in party caucuses to prepare for their opening session in January, MacNeil reported on the contrasts in recent freshman classes of legislators.

Once upon a time, fully four years ago, a group of young men and some young women were elected to Congress. They were very good, and they were against the bad. They were against bad wars, bad Presidents, bad congressional leaders. They wanted to make the bad things good, and the bad people who did the bad things good.

Fortunately, they had not been stained or corrupted by having experienced the bad things that bad politicians experience when they serve in public office. That made it easier for them to be good and to know they were good.

When they came to the big white building in their nation's capital, they did a lot of good things. They smote the bad rules that encouraged bad politicians to be bad. They smote the bad committee chairmen who for too long had held power. They would not listen to the bad leaders who tried to persuade them to be bad. In fact, they raised a lot of heaven.

They raised so much heaven that the leaders could not lead in the old bad way and they bothered the new President so much that he could hardly get to sleep at night. They were so good that a lot of the bad old politicians got tired of being bad; and a lot of them went home and said they would not come back to Congress any more.

That is the story of what the class of 1974 did to the House of Representatives. If their successors in the class of 1976 did not feel quite the same fires of reform, they nevertheless copied much of their predecessors' independent and nonconformist ways. Now the newest class, the class of 1978, has come to town. Its members are a different breed and their arrival has excited the hopes and dreams of the party leaders. The Democratic leaders in particular are delighted by their first look at the new crowd.

"They are solid guys," said House Speaker Tip O'Neill, with relief. "They know the grass roots of America." Echoed Democratic Floor Leader Jim Wright: "They're not bomb throwers out to change things for the sake of change." "The new guys are professionals," said Missouri's Richard Bolling. The House Democratic leaders backed those judgments with a surprising statistic: out of the 42 new Democratic Representatives, 25 had held a major elective office back home.

Six others had served as congressional aides.

The new members, in turn, were astonished at the warm welcome they received. Highly accessible, the top Democrats briefed the arrivals on the ways of the House, including how to apply for committee assignments, how to secure office space and how to find new homes for their families. The freshmen even dined with President Carter at the White House, and were invited to bring their wives along.

O'Neill heard some sweet and unusual music. One new member approached him and said, "I'm a party man, Mr. Speaker." Another confided, "I'm inter-

freshing vote of confidence. The caucus also beat back efforts by some of the older reformist firebrands to slash the remaining powers of committee chairmen even further. There was remarkably little resistance when O'Neill asked that the one sensitive issue facing the caucus be debated and decided in private, rather than with reporters present. It was the question of what to do about four members of the House who had been either prosecuted on criminal charges or censured by their colleagues for accepting cash gifts from lobbyists for South Korea.

In that closed meeting, the Democrats decided that none of the four should be deprived automatically of any subcommittee chairmanship because of the allegations against them. The caucus did rule that Michigan's Charles C. Diggs, convicted and sentenced to three years



Democrats Brademas and Wright congratulating O'Neill on re-election as House Speaker

The old good guys grew up, and the new guys are not bad at all.

ested in seeing the President get re-elected." O'Neill marveled at how "the pendulum has swung back from independence to party responsibility." Wright also detected a shift in the reformers of 1974 and 1976. "A lot of them have matured," he said. "Many now are prone to listen to the leadership, instead of taking pride in being mavericks." Democratic House Whip John Brademas found a related change. "What we are seeing in the caucus," he observed, "is a reflection of the mood of the country—a mood of restraint and moderation." The leaders take that to mean that the 96th Congress is not likely to embark on many new programs, will work hard to make present programs more effective, and will pare even the bare-bones budget that Carter is expected to present.

In this newly unrebelling mood, the Democratic caucus readily re-elected its party leaders O'Neill, Wright and Tom Foley, chairman of the caucus. Those leaders appreciatively took this as a re-

in prison for taking salary kickbacks from his staff, must face a vote of the entire caucus on whether he can remain as chairman of the Africa Subcommittee of the House International Relations Committee. So, too, must Pennsylvania's Daniel Flood, indicted on bribery and other charges, if he wishes to keep his chairmanship of the Labor, Health, Education and Welfare Subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. Similarly, Californians Edward Roybal and Charles Wilson, censured in the Korea scandal, may be able to keep their subcommittee positions.

Older hands noted that as these and other decisions were being made in the caucus, the newest members took little part. They apparently had come to learn, rather than to upset things. Connecticut's Bob Giaimo, chairman of the influential House Budget Committee, watched with admiration. "The newcomers are learning the ropes, not taking the lead," he noted. "The reform spirit is not in them." ■

Jimmy's Party in Memphis

A half-time pep rally for the Democrats

When his ratings in the polls were low earlier this year, Jimmy Carter looked at the scheduled Democratic mid-term convention with considerable apprehension. He had reluctantly agreed in the heat of the 1976 election battle to organize last week's gathering as a gesture to win support from liberals. Carter had never been much of a party man, and during the campaign had made a point of stressing his independence from the Democratic organization. During his first year in office, he remained an outsider and commanded little respect within party ranks.

But Carter's standing with the public—and partly as a result, with his party—is much improved. When he stepped up to deliver his speech at Cook Convention Center in Memphis, he received a warm welcome from close to 4,000 Democrats. After a blistering attack on the Republicans and the Nixon Administration, Carter said: "We Democrats pledged to have a Government as good as the American people, and that is what we are doing." He added: "Ours is a party of practical dreamers." National Democratic Chairman John White added some effusive words of his own to the party's executive committee: "Jimmy Carter, more than any other President I have known, is a party President."

But beneath the session's cheer, there was an undercurrent of feeling among many Democratic factions that Carter is not really their President. Black leaders have been particularly vocal in their discontent, but it is shared by others: labor, Jews, intellectuals, farmers, urban leaders and old-line machine politicians feel a wariness about the man. Says former Iowa Democratic Chairman Clifton Larson: "There is an acceptance after Camp David that he doesn't screw things up, but there is no support for him. The liberals don't want to be identified with the Carter position—or oppose it." Says Buffalo's Joseph Changle: "His political activity during the recent campaign helped his Democratic Party credentials, but the jury is still out." Edward Campbell, the current chairman in Iowa, complains that Carter seems unable to inspire the party: "Democrats don't have an anti-Carter fix, but they have no leadership, no direction, no emotion. We ought to be looking for an *esprit de corps*."

Because of the Democrats' lack of enthusiasm for Carter, his political lieutenants, led by Chairman White and Administration Party Liaison Tim Kraft, tried to turn the miniconvention into an ex-

ercise in intraparty public relations, a sort of half-time pep rally. They took pains to prevent the gathering from breaking down into a cacophony of dissent, which is always a possibility when Democrats gather. White rigged the rules in an attempt to minimize debates on resolutions critical of Carter. But on the eve of the convention he made concessions to liberal groups, led by lameduck Min-

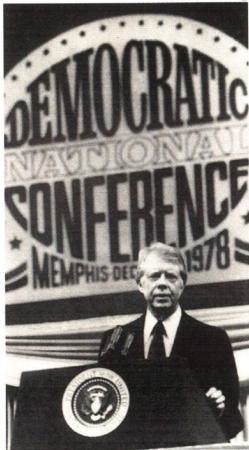
surance since 1971. But he agreed to play down his opposition to Carter's less ambitious approach if the Administration would reaffirm its commitment to the 1976 party platform's broad goal of a "comprehensive national health insurance system with universal and mandatory coverage" at some unspecified date in the future. One of the dissident resolutions, however, called for immediate enactment of an insurance program. In an effort to blunt that resolution, representatives of Kennedy and the Administration worked out a further compromise calling on the incoming Congress to begin phasing in a health plan.

For Carter, the convention's chief value was the opportunity that it gave him to explain, promote and in some cases defend his policies. Particularly crucial for the Democrats is winning Democrats' support for the unpopular spending cuts he feels must be made in the 1980 budget to help control inflation. "We will balance those sacrifices fairly," he promised. "If we err in this balance, it will be on the side of those who are most in need."

In a sense, Carter's tenuous hold on his party was illustrated best by the Democrats who did not show up in Memphis. Said D.N.C. Issues Coordinator Elaine Kamarck: "Our turnout list reads like a *Who's Who* of American politics." Senator Edmund Muskie decided to Christmas shop in Washington. New York Senator Daniel Moynihan and Florida Senator Richard Stone sent regrets. So did Colorado Party Head Sheila Kowal, who complained: "It seems strange that the party leaders should be putting so much money into a rally when they couldn't help us during the campaign." (The convention cost \$650,000, even though delegates had to pay their own travel and hotel bills.) Other prominent no-shows: Washington Senator Scoop Jackson, California Governor Jerry Brown and AFL-CIO Secretary-Treasurer Lane Kirkland. Those who sent regrets, however, should have no regrets about having missed a whiz-bang show; the convention was exceptionally dull.

Despite the no-shows, Carter's standing in his party was secure enough for him to go to Memphis, if not triumphantly, at least without

fear. Says Minnesota Party Chairman Rick Scott: "It's almost like having a fair in the Middle Ages. Just having the event and bringing people together makes it important." The liberals upset about budget cuts realize Carter is in step with the public's antipending mood. Says Party Veteran Alan Baron: "Liberals read election returns, and they are scared." The result is a tenuous unity, which for the usually bickering Democrats can be a fit cause for celebration.



President Carter addressing delegates in Memphis
Pep rally for the party of practical dreamers.

nesota Congressman Don Fraser and UAW President Douglas Fraser, to allow several dissident resolutions to get a full airing on Sunday. The 23 official resolutions that were intended as the convention's centerpiece had been approved a week in advance by the White-picked Committee on Conference Procedure.

Even the potentially divisive issue of national health insurance was defused. Senator Ted Kennedy has been forcefully advocating mandatory national health in-

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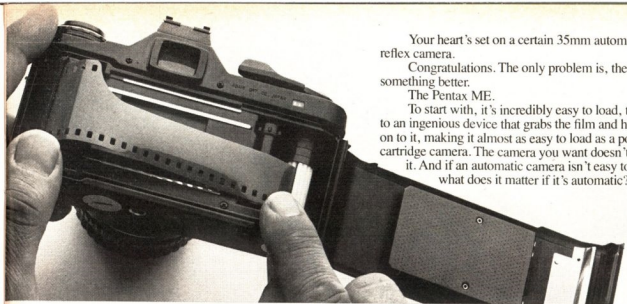
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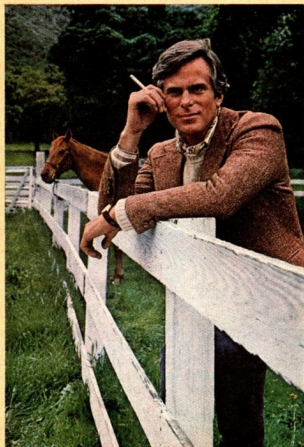
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PACs' Punch

Giving the company way

A clean means of business involvement in politics," argues Lawyer Stanley Kalczyk of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Counters Senator Edward Kennedy: "They are multiplying like rabbits, and they are doing their best to buy every Senator, every Representative and every issue in sight."

This debate is raging over the fastest growing and most controversial phenomenon in U.S. politics: the corporate political action committee (PAC). Last week 13 experts at a seminar in Washington argued about the impact of the groups on the November House and Senate elections and could agree on only one thing: corporate PACs pack a lot of punch.

The new clout of PAC stems from the campaign amendments of 1974, limiting individuals' political contributions to \$1,000 a candidate. This blocked corporate executives from donating huge sums to pro-business politicians. But the legislation encouraged the formation of corporate PACs that can give candidates up to \$5,000 apiece per election. The PACs raise most of their money from executives and stockholders. The law also allows them to appeal twice a year to rank-and-file employees for anonymous donations.

In four years the number of corporate PACs has risen from 89 to 776. They contributed some \$8 million to congressional candidates, about 15% of their total campaign receipts. The business groups' spending was equal to that of the 263 PACs operated by labor unions. By 1980, campaign fund-raising experts expect corporations to field about 1,000 PACs and greatly increase their spending.

Union PACs favor Democrats over Republicans by a ratio of about 12 to 1. By

contrast, the corporate donations this year were split about equally between Democrats and Republicans. Most of the money went to incumbents with lots of seniority. Says John Bonitt, head of Bendix Corp.'s PAC: "That's where the committee chairmen are." Louisiana Democrat J. Bennett Johnston, who heads Senate subcommittees on energy and appropriations, received at least \$192,000 from about 190 PACs, though he had only taken opposition in the primary and none in the general election. Why so much support? Says a former Johnston aide: "He is known as an articulate and effective spokesman for the free enterprise system."

Corporate executives see nothing sinister about the PACs' spending. Says Glen Woodard, vice president of Winn-Dixie Stores, Inc., a large Southern supermarket chain: "It's just as much a civic responsibility as helping the Heart Fund." This year Winn-Dixie gave \$120,000 to 70 candidates, most in districts where the company has retail outlets.

Many liberal and labor leaders fear that the corporate PACs will get special favors for their contributions and demand that Congress weigh new regulations. Says Fred Wertheimer, vice president of Common Cause: "We are heading for a time when PACs, particularly corporate PACs, will be the dominant force in financing Senate and House campaigns." Some of the criticism is blatantly partisan. Admits AFL-CIO Lobbyist Victor Kamber: "When labor had more influence, I was comfortable with the system."

Beneficiaries argue that the PACs may revitalize politics by helping fill the vacuum left by declining parties. They also believe that by soliciting funds, PACs solicit involvement. Says Illinois Senator Charles Percy: "PACs provide for broad-based, open participation in the political process." Not surprisingly, most members of Congress like the system and have no intention of changing it. ■

SALT Accord?

Agreement said to be in sight

When President Carter told reporters at a White House bacon-and-egg breakfast last week that U.S.-Soviet differences on a SALT II agreement were minor and that further delays would be minimal, few of those present even raised their eyebrows. After all, Government spokesmen have been saying for at least two years that the second stage of a strategic arms limitation treaty is 95% complete. But TIME has learned that, even as Carter was speaking, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin were achieving a breakthrough on that unresolved 5%.

The tentative SALT pact was reached during two days of talks at the State Department. Vance will fly to Geneva Dec. 20 for a final two-day session with his opposite number, Andrei Gromyko. Barring hitches, the two men will prepare for a summit meeting between Jimmy Carter and Soviet Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev, probably in Washington during the week of Jan. 15.

For the itinerant Vance, December is proving to be a busy month. After his talks with Dobrynin last week, Vance flew to London, where he addressed the Royal Institute of International Affairs on what he called "the emerging SALT II agreement." This week he is visiting Egypt and Israel in a last-minute attempt to jolt their stalled peace talks back into motion. He will report to the President in Washington, then head for his meeting with Gromyko in Geneva before returning again to the U.S. capital on Dec. 23.

The anticipated January summit will not come a moment too soon for Carter. Last week, talking with nine newly elected Senators, he described SALT II tersely as "the most important single foreign policy question" of his Administration. A SALT II failure, he warned, would be "disastrous." At the mid-term Democratic convention in Memphis, Carter promised that SALT II would require the Soviets "to destroy several hundred of their existing missiles." Brezhnev also dwelt on the topic last week, calling for a pact "without further procrastination."

Carter has already made plans to discuss SALT and other matters with his main European allies on the French Caribbean island of Guadeloupe on Jan. 5 and 6. The meeting, which Carter described as "somewhat of a social affair," since wives will be along, will include French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and British Prime Minister James Callaghan. Though there will be no formal agenda and no final communiqué, a Carter-Brezhnev summit would give the conferees plenty to talk about. ■

Nation

Webster's Test

He disciplines six agents

Ever since the glory days of J. Edgar Hoover, running the FBI has been the ruinination of most directors' reputations. Hoover himself was demythologized after his death in 1972 by revelations of the racist, tyrannical and even lawless way in which he managed the bureau. Richard Nixon's appointee, ex-Navy Captain L. Patrick Gray, meekly let himself be used in the Watergate cover-up. Clarence Kelley, the tough cop who had headed the Kansas City, Mo., police department, allowed himself to be hobbled by the Hoover clique of high-level bureaucrats at FBI headquarters. Last week former Federal Judge William H. Webster confronted the stiffest test of his ten months as FBI director and apparently passed.

The problem that he faced was a cruel one: what to do about 68 FBI agents and supervisors who had violated federal laws while searching for members of the radical, bomb-throwing Weatherman group in the early 1970s. Agents had burglarized the revolutionaries' homes, tapped their phones without warrants and monitored their mail. Gray and two former top assistants, Deputy Director W. Mark Felt and Intelligence Chief Edward Miller, had earlier been charged with violating citizens' civil rights. But it was up to Webster to decide whether to discipline the 68 members of FBI Squad 47, which operated from 1970 to 1975 in New York City, where most of the anti-Weatherman illegalities had occurred.

After agonizing for eight months, Webster announced a cautious decision. He fired two supervisors. They are Horace Beckwith, who headed Squad 47, and Brian Murphy, a Beckwith aide who, according to Webster, gave answers "unworthy of belief" to questions about the burglaries. Another former supervisor, Charles Lunsford, was demoted for giving what Webster termed "evasive and inconsistent" answers. Suspended for 30 days was former Supervisor Gerard Hogan, for installing a listening device without a warrant. Two agents received wrist-tapping letters of censure. The other members of Squad 47 were not punished.

The FBI director must now tackle a more sensitive problem: how to deal with the FBI's cover-up of its illegal activities. A key point is why James B. Adams, a veteran headquarters bureaucrat who is now associate director, swore before congressional committees that the black-bag jobs had ceased in 1968, and why missing records proving that they continued into the 1970s later turned up in his office.

A bit wistfully, perhaps, Webster told TIME last week: "I came here to take care of the present and future of the bureau, not the past." The past, however, is still a problem for any director of the FBI. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Mrs. Myers' Blue Spruce

God, Government, motherhood and free enterprise have given the nation a Christmas tree with such sublime harmony it is a true wonder to behold. The tree was ordered out of a seed catalogue by a son-in-law. As an infant it was tenderly watered by four grandchildren. At age six the blue spruce (*Picea pungens*) was a Mother's Day gift to Mrs. William E. Myers of York, Pa. Transplanted to her front yard, it was smothered with loving neglect for 15 years. No fertilizer. No watering. No insecticide. No pruning.

Through her front window Mrs. Myers gave the tree fond glances and occasional nice thoughts. The spruce defied wind, rain, ice, insects, disease. It was 30 ft. tall when it happened to catch the eye of some Park Service men who were roaming round the country in search of a "living" Christmas tree to replace the one that was blown over last winter. (Yet another tree died the year before from Washington's heat.) For \$1,500 and a place in history, the Myers blue spruce was sent to serve its country, but not without a parting ritual that might have been prescribed in Norman Rockwell's last will and testament.

Bill Ruback of the National Park Service took his best men to join forces with a crew from the Davey Tree Expert Co., low bidders (about \$9,000) on the 120-mile moving job. They arrived with backhoe, crane, tractor trailer, chain, wire and a burlap tarp made in Baltimore just for this tree. They were met with 90 qts. of Mrs. Myers' homemade soup, dozens of sandwiches, gallons of coffee and enough neighborly warmth to discourage winter.



Amy topping the White House tree with a star

Each branch of the spruce was tied to the trunk. The 11-ft. ball was shaped by hand, contained with burlap, hog wire, a rope girdle and an oak-leaf tub. Mrs. Myers insisted that the work crew, neighbors and reporters stay for lunch. For three days they worked and ate. There were vegetable soup and chicken corn soup, hot dogs and chocolate cake, green salad, and pears and peaches canned by Mrs. Myers. The neighbors came out every day to watch as their old friend the spruce was gussied up to go to the city.

When the moment came to slip on the special burlap tarp, Mrs. Myers went up and put her hand on the tree and cried. An undertaker from their hamlet of Shiloh had asked Mr. Myers if he wanted to have a little service for the tree, but Mrs. Myers declared firmly, "No, this is one you are not going to get."

With the tree packed and on its trailer, the 90 qts. of soup consumed, the four great-grandchildren excused from school, the moment came to say goodbye. There was so much hugging and kissing that it looked like a family reunion breaking up. And that was sort of what it was. Mrs. Myers prayed for her tree and a safe journey.

The tree caravan rolled easily down Interstate 83, around Baltimore on 695; and when the four vehicles reached Washington, there were motorcycle police waiting to escort everybody down Constitution Avenue and over to the Ellipse, where the tree was planted just across the street from the White House. Bill Ruback flashed the word to his office to call Mrs. Myers and tell her the spruce was in place. She cried again when the phone call came. Out her front window she could see the empty spot covered with fresh sod. "It looks," she said later, "like a new patch on an old pair of trousers."

Mrs. Myers' spruce now has 1,500 small gold lights, a gold garland, red star ornaments, gold balls and a star on top (placed by Amy Carter) that has a torch modeled after the one held by the Statue of Liberty. This Thursday (Dec. 14) Jimmy Carter plans to throw the switch and let the lights shine forth. He will surely say something about good will toward men as he gazes at the tree. He could take his text from Mrs. Myers, Bill Ruback and his men, the crew from Davey's and that tiny corner of York that gave us our national Christmas tree.

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Nation

Eerie Echoes, Missing Money

Jonestown's lingering ghosts

"**M**others, you must keep your children under control! They must die with dignity!" Over the shrieks of the young and the sound of gunshots boomed the baritone voice of Jim Jones, exhorting his followers to spray cyanide deep into the throats of infants and any adults who resisted his order to die. This haunting echo of the Jonestown horror was discovered last week on one of hundreds of tape recordings discovered by the FBI and Guyanese officials at the Peoples Temple compound in Guyana. The tape was on a recording machine that had apparently been turned on just as the mass suicides began, to provide a grisly final accounting for the cult of death.

The officials also found several cartons of memos, directives, letters and other documents that detail the community's history, and as much as \$2.5 million in U.S. and Guyanese currency. The cash is part of a tantalizing mystery: How much money did the Peoples Temple have, where is it all, and who has rights to it?

Timothy Stoen, who was chief legal adviser to the cult until shortly before Jones moved to Guyana, told TIME that money in Peoples Temple bank accounts around the world could total \$20 million. Stoen himself set up two dummy corporations in 1975 for the Peoples Temple in Panama. One of them, called Briget, S.A., now has \$2.5 million in a secret account, according to an American investigator. Said Stoen: "Jones wanted funds close by in case he had to quickly leave Guyana." U.S. investigators say Stoen and other top Jones aides also set up many personal accounts, and that the ones opened by Stoen totaled more than \$500,000.

According to Stoen, the key to the mystery of the money is Terri Buford, a former mistress of Jones' who left Jonestown and returned to the U.S. about three weeks before the suicides. Buford has been kept in hiding by her attorney, Conspiracy Theorist Mark Lane. Former cult members say that Jones frequently sent Buford overseas to set up dummy corporations and bank accounts. Buford is negotiating with the U.S. Attorney's office in San Francisco for immunity from prosecution in return for information on the foreign bank accounts. Lane denies that he too is negotiating for immunity.

The ex-cultists report that the temple's income last year averaged \$250,000 a month, including \$60,000 from elderly adherents' Social Security checks. Before Jones and his followers went to Guyana, he had elderly members bused each month to a bank in San Francisco that at his request opened at 7 a.m. to receive the checks. In addition, San Francisco real estate records show that many mem-



Stoen outside the temple in San Francisco
A mistress is key to the mystery.

bers transferred ownership of their houses to the cult, which then sold them when it needed cash.

Attorney Charles Garry, who has represented Jones and the temple since last year, filed papers in San Francisco Superior Court last week to dissolve the temple so that its assets could be used to bury the 911 victims. By Lane's account, however, all of the temple's cash may never be recovered. He told the New York Times that before Buford left Guyana, the bank accounts were transferred to the name of an unidentified elderly woman who later died in the mass suicide.

The House International Relations Committee meanwhile began looking into the possibility that the Government can be reimbursed from the cult's assets for the cost of flying the victims' bodies back to the U.S. and preparing them for burial. In an attempt to determine roughly how much money is at stake, the U.S. Attorney's office in San Francisco has subpoenaed bank records and summoned 17 Peoples Temple survivors for questioning by a grand jury.

Rattlesnake Tale (Contd.)

Synanon's founder is arrested

Late one afternoon, about 30 Arizona and California law officers descended on a sparsely developed section of Lake Havasu City, Ariz. Their quarry was Charles ("Chuck") Dederich, 65, the founder of Synanon, who was wanted in connection with an attempt in October to murder Los Angeles Attorney Paul Morantz with a rattlesnake hidden in his mail-

box. The officers found Dederich at home. Said Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney John Watson: "He was in a stupor, staring straight ahead, with an empty bottle of Chivas Regal in front of him." Because his physical condition did not permit him to be formally arraigned in the local sheriff's office, Dederich was moved to the jail ward of Arizona's Mohave General Hospital.

From the first, Los Angeles police suspected that Synanon members were responsible for the attack on Morantz, who had won, for a client, a \$300,000 lawsuit against the 900-member group. Synanon, founded by Dederich 20 years ago as a rehabilitation organization for alcoholics and drug addicts, had done worthy work, but in recent years had become a capriciously governed and toughly disciplined cult. Soon after the snake attack, police arrested two suspects: Synanon Members Joseph Musico, 28, and Lance Kenton, 20, the son of Bandleader Stan Kenton. Synanon has steadfastly maintained that it "had no involvement in the attack."

But Los Angeles police investigators were told by Synanon defectors that Dederich had explicitly urged violent retaliation against Morantz. According to affidavits obtained by the police from the ex-Synanon members, Dederich had said, "Why doesn't someone get Paul Morantz?" and "Someone ought to break this guy's legs." Police later seized 13 tapes and 35 pages of documents from a ranch owned by Synanon in Tulare County, Calif.

Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney Mike Carroll last week played to reporters a tape dated Sept. 5, 1977, which was more than a year before the attack on Morantz. On the tape, a voice identified by the D.A. as Dederich's exhorted, "Our religious posture is don't mess with us. You can get killed, dead, physically dead... We're not going to permit people like greedy lawyers to destroy us. I'm quite willing to break some lawyers' legs and tell them that next time I'll break your wife's legs and then I'll cut your kid's arm off."

Whether Dederich will have to face trial in California may be decided at an extradition hearing scheduled for Jan. 2. He faces charges of solicitation to commit murder and conspiracy to commit murder and assault with a deadly weapon. Although free on \$100,000 bail, Dederich remains hospitalized. His attorney, Thomas Thinnies, argued that Dederich was "in no condition to return to California because he needs medical attention." Thinnies says that he has been told by doctors that the Synanon founder has a drinking problem, suffers from a heart ailment and obesity and is in a deep depression. Last week Dederich's wife Regina and daughter Cecelia Jason filed a petition in Mohave County Superior Court stating that he is an "incapacitated person" and asking for guardianship of him.



Hundreds of thousands of Iranians gather Sunday at Tehran's Shahyad Square during demonstration against the Shah's regime

World

IRAN

The Weekend of Crisis

The Shah averts a showdown as a parade of protest ends peacefully

Hour after hour they marched westward along Tehran's Shahreza Avenue. In an extraordinary demonstration of solidarity, hundreds of thousands of Iranians last Sunday protested against the 37-year reign of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Men waved their fists and responded to their leaders' rhythmic chants of "Allah Akbar" (God is great). Women in traditional black chadors, some clutching children, carried banners ("We want an Islamic republic"). The marchers were militant in support of their exiled religious leader, Ayatullah Khomeini, but they were also disciplined and peaceful. Army and police were nowhere in evidence along the route of the parade; marshals wearing white arm bands kept the vast crowd under control.

The demonstration came near the climax of the holy month of Muharram, on which Iran's devout Shi'ite Muslims traditionally take to the streets in a frenzy of self-flagellation to mourn the Prophet Muhammad's grandson Husain, who was martyred in the 7th century. This year the critical days, Sunday and Monday, had a special meaning: they were to be the occasion for mass protests against the Shah. From his headquarters outside Paris, Khomeini called again for a general strike and the Shah's downfall. "Paralyze

the regime," he urged the faithful. "Flee your barracks," he advised the army.

The current period of crisis could still prove to be Iran's Armageddon. But all last week there were encouraging signs that the Shah's desperate attempt to keep the situation under control might succeed.

Manning a bank of telephones at Tehran's well-guarded Niavaran Palace, he ordered army commanders to keep down the civilian death toll, something they have not always tried to do in the past. He announced the release of 122 political prisoners, including Karim Sanjabi, leader of the opposition National Front, who had been arrested a month earlier after visiting Khomeini in France.

Since September, all political activity has been banned by the military government of Premier Gholam Reza Azhari, an army general. In an effort to avoid a bloodbath, the Shah finally decreed that the government would consider the protest parade a legal demonstration of national mourning. By exercising such restraint, he tacitly acknowledged that, for the moment, the opposition forces controlled the streets. More important, he averted the risk of having the huge parade turn into a battle. Whether he also increased the chances of his own political survival remains to be seen.

In Washington, meanwhile, the Carter Administration was belatedly trying to cope with the grim prospect that one of the West's staunchest and most strategically placed allies might be on the verge of collapse. Ever since serious popular unrest first broke out in Iran last August, the Administration had been voic-





American families awaiting evacuation from Isfahan



The Shah (in glasses, upper center) at Iranian air base last week

ing its support for the Shah and its confidence that he could prevail. Scarcely a year ago, in fact, the President had been busy planning his first big overseas trip: one of its high points was an elegant New Year's Eve celebration with the Shah in Tehran. Last week, when asked whether he thought the Shah could survive, Jimmy Carter sounded noticeably guarded, probably more so than he intended. "I don't know," he replied. "I hope so." The U.S. would not get "directly involved," the President emphasized, adding carefully, "We personally prefer that the Shah maintain a major role in the government, but that is a decision for the Iranian people to make." Later, when it became obvious that the President had damned the Shah with faint praise, the White House insisted that U.S. policy toward Iran was not indecisive and had not changed.

As a kind of first step in contingency planning, however, the U.S. was quietly asking several other oil-producing countries whether they would be able to increase their petroleum output in case Iran's production dwindled even further than it had already. At week's end a strike by oil workers had cut the country's normal daily production of 6 million bbl. to about half that total. Then, at the suggestion of National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President invited George Ball, an Under Secretary of State in both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, to join the National Security Council temporarily as a special consultant. His job: to prepare a long-range option paper on Iran and the Persian Gulf.

Administration aides bristled when asked if Ball was in fact working on a blueprint for a "post-Shah Iran," but that surely was part of his assignment. Another part: to ponder the impact of Iran's instability on nearby Saudi Arabia. U.S. officials are exceedingly worried about the

vulnerability of this sparsely populated, semifederal monarchy, which possesses the world's largest proven oil reserves (150 billion bbl.). Admits one Administration official: "It gives me the willies just thinking about Saudi Arabia."

For the moment, U.S. policy on Iran was in a state of utter perplexity. One measure of how sensitive the situation was: neither Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, en route to the Middle East, nor most other high-level Administration officials wanted to say anything at all on the subject—on or off the record. Over the past few months, the U.S. has offered a variety of suggestions to the Shah, all designed to encourage him to press on with his liberalization campaign. For the long term, the Administration tends to favor the idea of a transition to constitutional monarchy in Iran, with the Shah retain-

ing a unifying, if largely symbolic role. But right now the Administration is refraining from making suggestions: it realizes at last that the Shah is in mortal danger and has his hands full just trying to maintain order.

At the back of the President's mind, of course, was the potentially meddling role that the Soviet Union might play in the troubled region—especially now that it has a new client state in nearby Afghanistan (see following story). A month ago Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev issued a brisk warning to the effect that U.S. military intervention in Iran would be considered a "matter affecting the security interests" of the U.S.S.R. Although nobody in Washington would say so, one U.S. contingency plan must surely involve the use of U.S. troops, if necessary, to safeguard an evacuation of American citizens from Iran. In such an event, the White House would undoubtedly be on the hot line to Moscow to explain what those troops were up to. Just as surely, the Soviets would declare a military alert along their 1,250-mile border with Iran—as they did when Brezhnev issued his warning last month.

In Tehran, the sense of growing siege was everywhere. Tanks and other armor were strategically placed around the Shah's walled palace, which lies at the foot of the snowcapped Elburz Mountains. Many stores and banks were closed, and the queues at gas-station pumps were getting longer and longer.

In the industrial city of Isfahan, 210 miles south of Tehran, a hit-and-run mob of about 1,000 people ransacked and burned two banks and a movie theater, and then set fire to the four-story administration building of the Grumman Aircraft Corp. Grumman's 300 U.S. employees in Iran are training pilots, crews and maintenance personnel for the F-14 fight-



Time to Send a Public Message

Few Americans know Iran better than former CIA Director Richard Helms, a friend of the Shah's for 20 years and U.S. Ambassador to Tehran from 1973 and 1976. In an interview with TIME Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sides, Helms makes the traditional case for toughness. Sides's report:

The world of Richard Helms has been a long struggle against the marauding Russian bear. That is why Helms speaks so strongly about the grim outlook in Iran. Says he: "We ought to go to our NATO allies and make certain that we are all together, and then we ought to sit down with the Russians and make it plain to them that having the Persian Gulf under the control of Communists is simply not acceptable to us."

If there is a ring to that which takes one back to the old days when life on this globe was a series of crises strung together with pauses while the Soviets looked for another opening, that is just the way Helms meant it to sound.

Helms feels that the problem in Iran dwarfs almost every other foreign policy consideration of the moment for the Western world, including the final agreement on the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty. Iran is "dangerous." His view: this is oil, the free world's lifeblood. This could sweep the entire Middle East into chaos. This could lead to serious confrontation between the superpowers.

In Helms' opinion there is no viable alternative to the Shah, and thus the U.S. should do everything in its power to sustain him. Although Helms points no public fingers at past failures that produced the current upheaval, it is obvious that he finds Washington's response lethargic and uncomprehending. Not only would he get tough with the Russians, he would also be firm with the British, French and Germans, who have an immense stake in Middle East oil. The Israelis, too, have a huge interest in Iran and her oil; surely they could find a way to help.

"The Shah needs every ounce of our moral and political support right now," continues Helms. It is safe to say that Helms was depressed last week when at this delicate time, President Carter chose first to give the world another lecture on human rights and then later, at a breakfast with reporters, suggested that the Shah might fall. "We ought to keep quiet and go to work where it matters," Helms insists. If the U.S. is not now heavily involved in a detailed re-evaluation of all the forces at play in Iran, it should be, he says. "This talk about there being no evidence of the Soviet involvement is nonsense," he adds. "The KGB is there. We ought to beef up the CIA."

Helms believes that for too long America has heard only of the Shah's repressions and his violations of human rights. The difficulty of governing Iran was never understood in the U.S. nor, for that matter, was the Shah's loyalty to the U.S. Helms remembers that during the oil embargo of 1973, the Shah sent his emissaries to Egypt and Saudi Arabia to plead for a quick end. He kept Israel supplied with oil at that time. Once he secretly sent a tanker out to refuel an American carrier task force running low on oil in the Indian Ocean. In the closing days of the Viet Nam War, at U.S. request, he instantly dispatched a squadron of F-5s to Saigon. His planes and ships have patrolled the Strait of Hormuz for years, watching over the tankers headed west.

There were many failures over time that caused the Shah his problems today, admits Helms. Our own curtailment of the CIA has not helped. Even before the CIA's operations were cut back, the agency did not have enough Farsi-speaking agents. And maybe, muses Helms, the Shah, for many reasons, including U.S. pressure to liberalize, did it too fast when at last he moved.

When he was in the spy business, Helms learned early not to look back. That is his idea now. He believes the U.S. should pull all the backstage levers it can, should let the world know that Iran is critical to our interests, should send the Shah a public message that the U.S. still cares, and that it still knows a few tricks in the big power game. It has always been Helms' view—one his detractors call simplistic—that we are only as helpless as we think we are.



Former CIA Chief Richard Helms

er planes recently delivered to the Iranian air force. No Americans were injured in the melee, but four Iranians were killed by soldiers.

Throughout most of the week, airport lounges and hotel lobbies were jammed with foreigners, mostly women and children, who were frantically trying to get out of the country. Some were leaving for good; others hoped to return following the Christmas holidays if things settle down. After weeks of political unrest, many were on the verge of panic. "We're not taking any chances," said an American woman in the lobby of the Tehran Hilton. "We've had death threats and abuse, and we've just had enough."

When Iran's latest crisis began, the American embassy in Tehran urged U.S. residents of the country to be cautious and to stay indoors during periods of high tension. But the embassy discouraged Americans from leaving Iran in large numbers, lest it appear that U.S. confidence in the Shah's regime was flagging. This view was pressed by U.S. Ambassador William Sullivan, who believed that Americans should maintain a cool, business-as-usual posture, especially during the emotion-charged holy days. Last week U.S. policy changed abruptly—at the behest of George Ball, it was reported—and the Administration announced that Americans in Iran were free to leave whenever they wished; the U.S. would pay the fares, it added, of Government employees and their families.

At least 8,000 foreigners have left Iran so far, including an estimated 5,000 Americans, and thousands of prosperous Iranians have joined the departing throng. As a result, Tehran airport was in chaos last week as hordes of would-be passengers scrambled for whatever seats were available. One Boeing 707 took off with two dozen passengers standing in the aisles, and a few U.S. Air Force cargo jets were temporarily used for passengers. At least two American companies chartered planes after the scheduled airlines reported their flights fully booked. Toward the end of the week, the airport quieted down, if only because most commercial flights in and out of the city for the next few days had been canceled. With a back-up of military dependents anxious to leave, the Defense Department sent five C-141 transports to Tehran to speed the evacuation.

Every night last week, as dusk fell in the Iranian capital, city dwellers hurried home through monumental traffic jams to beat the 9 p.m. curfew. As the curfew began, a strange cacophony of religious chants ("There is no god but Allah") and political slogans ("Death to the Shah") filled the city. Some of the voices were live; others were broadcast by tape into the chilly night from stereo speakers perched on window ledges. Many of these tapes contained the staccato chatter of automatic-weapons fire, a new twist in the war of nerves being waged by the Shah's many opponents against supporters of his

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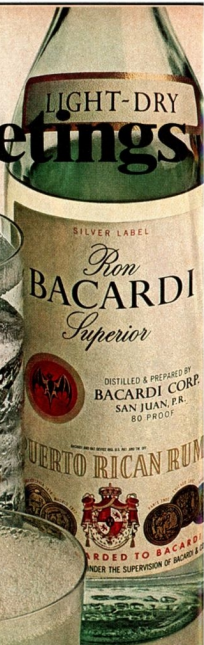
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Bacardi dark
rum. Fold in
1 cup whipped
heavy cream.
Chill. Stir. Top
with nutmeg.

BACARDI Piña Colada

Cheer! Shake or
blend 1 oz. cream
of coconut and
2 oz. pineapple
juice (or use pre-
pared mix), with
1½ oz. Bacardi
dark and crushed
ice. Serve tall with
ice and pineapple.

BACARDI and Coke

Tis a reason to be
jolly. Splash a
jigger of Bacardi
dark over ice in a
tall glass. Pour on
the Coca-Cola. Stir.

BACARDI and Ice

Cheers! Toast and taste Bacardi
dark rum for what it really is. Just
pour 2 jiggers over ice. Sip. And
smile! It tastes good mixed because
it tastes good unmixed.

BACARDI rum. The mixable one. Made in Puerto Rico.

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World



National Front Leader Karim Sanjabi

regime. Troops guarding the city had an answer: when they grew tired of the broadcast wailing and the simulated weapons fire, they silenced it by pulling the power plug in one section of the city or another.

As the weekend drew nearer, mullahs throughout the country repeated the inflammatory messages of Ayatullah Khomeini, mixing religious exhortations with anti-Shah diatribes. Worshipers were urged to break the curfew in defiance of the Shah's authority. Partly as a result, at least 20 demonstrators were shot and killed by police and soldiers in Tehran last week; in the town of Zanjan, ten were slain as they attacked police with curved double-edged swords.

Under the Shah's orders, the military government of Premier Azhari tried hard to calm things down. Instead of firing directly into crowds, as they often do, soldiers were ordered to use tear gas and to shoot over the heads of demonstrators. The government's aim, Azhari told reporters, was to "return calm to the country and to restore law-and-order." He insisted that the Shah's rule was "not in danger at all." He blamed the current troubles on "atheists and saboteurs who are tools of foreigners," presumably meaning the Soviet Union. One such tool was Ayatullah Khomeini, he continued, though even the mullah would be welcomed back to Iran if he would behave himself.

Azhari maintained that the Shah retained the support of the "silent people," the majority of his countrymen. The truth, however, is that much of the Shah's support has evaporated, except among the military, the well-to-do and the peasants. The country is staggering under a bur-

den of rampaging inflation (current rate: 50% annually) and economic chaos engendered by the Shah's feverish efforts to modernize his backward nation within the space of a decade or two. There is no responsible opposition, his critics claim, because he has banned political expression for 25 years. The result is a political vacuum that has gradually been filled by fanatic fundamentalists like Khomeini—and will perhaps be filled, eventually, by leftist extremists.

Despite the Shah's widespread unpopularity, there were indications last week that some of his opponents might still be willing to reach some kind of compromise with him. After his release from detention, National Front Leader Sanjabi, 73, a social democrat, denied speculation that he might help form a coalition government; this would be impossible, he said,



Premier Gholam Reza Azhari

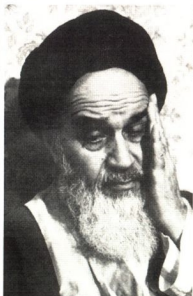
under "existing conditions." He proceeded to describe Sunday's mass demonstration in Tehran as a "referendum in the streets" that would lead, he hoped, to a "true referendum to determine the kind of government Iran is to have." He did not say the Shah must first resign.

Even more interesting was a manifesto prepared by Ahmad Baniahmad, 46, the only real opposition member of Iran's 268-seat parliament. The manifesto, backed by a group of 400 professional people known as the Union for Liberty, calls for formation of a provisional government made up of political and religious leaders, followed by elections, an end to martial law, and the establishment of a true constitutional monarchy as envisioned by Iran's 72-year-old constitution. "There is no other solution," said Baniahmad. "This will enable the Shah to save face and to remain monarch, and it will

reduce tensions throughout the country."

Significantly, a number of Iranian religious leaders also favor the proposal. And, though most of them look for leadership to the exiled Khomeini, some do not agree with his basic position that the Shah must go before anything else can be discussed. One such moderate mullah is Abdul Reza Hejazi, 42, who has suddenly become a political figure of some importance. "At the moment," said Hejazi, surrounded by rich red Persian carpets in his Tehran living room, which provided a sharp contrast to his severe black robe and turban, "one side is shooting and the other is screaming. We must find a way to create a cease-fire to give the Shah a chance to prove what he is promising." In the long run, Hejazi believes, the Shah might stay on as a constitutional ruler. "But what we have in mind is an Islamic democratic government," he continued. "The mullahs would not actually serve in the government, but when the people ask for recommendations, we would suggest appropriate people for positions of political leadership."

The peaceful conclusion of Sunday's giant parade seemed to imply that some of the steam had been taken out of the protest movement, thereby creating a climate for serious political talks between the Shah and the moderate opposition. "Iran is like a pressure cooker," an American who has lived there for eight years remarked early last week. "When things build up, the Shah lets off a little steam and things cool down." Now, he added, "I wonder if the whole thing isn't going to blow up." The restraint shown by both the Shah and his opponents during the weekend demonstrations suggests that the situation is not yet hopeless.



Exiled Mullah Ayatullah Khomeini

"Paralyze the regime, flee your barracks!"

Self-Paralyzing Policy

History students for years to come may well read about the U.S.-Iranian relationship of the '60s and '70s as the case study of a policy that paralyzed itself. "The Iran dilemma" may even creep into the lexicon of political scientists who, with the benefit of hindsight, conduct post-mortems on the agony that the Carter Administration is now experiencing.

The dilemma is this: on the one hand, U.S. policy of all-out support for the Shah has discouraged both contact with and knowledge of the Shah's opposition. On the other hand, the nature of his opposition—which is deep rooted, widespread and home grown—has precluded U.S. intervention on his behalf.

There are other, exacerbating dimensions to the problem. Indeed, there are exquisite ironies. The Shah is very much a creation of the U.S. He regained the Peacock Throne 25 years ago as a result of the bold but covert exercise of American power (a CIA-engineered counter-coup against leftist Premier Mohammed Mossadegh). But two things make such intervention impossible now that he is threatened again.

First, the Shah is no longer a boy-king. He is a proud and exultant monarch of 59 who expects to be both addressed and treated as His Imperial Majesty. He takes orders from no one: not the U.S. ambassador, not the U.S. President. That rules out Washington's ability to tell him what he must do to survive, even if the U.S. had known what to tell him early enough.

Second, the American taste for intervention in foreign lands has been dulled by the experience of Viet Nam. More specifically, the CIA's dagger has been blunted, its cloak ripped away by the scandals and investigations, the reorganizations and the firings of the '70s. The agency has felt it had to lie low, especially on its old Persian stomping ground, since "Iran" and CIA "dirty tricks" are almost synonymous to many ears.

Still the questions linger. Why does there appear to have been so little thought given even to contingency planning? One well-informed U.S. Government source says that as far as he knows there has been no paper that went through normal Government clearance procedures addressing the question of what to do if the Shah should fall. How can this be?

Part of the answer is that only in recent weeks has Washington taken seriously the possibility of the Shah's falling. It has long been a basic tenet of American policy that the Shah must be strong; the wishful thinking of policymakers contaminated the judgment of those who collected and analyzed intelligence. American officials tended to rely on Iranian intelligence, which in turn tended to tell His Imperial Majesty what he wanted to hear.

Once it became clear to all the world that the Shah was in deep trouble, why did the foreign policy and na-

tional security bureaucracies not then start grinding out options for what to do if he should fall?

The answer, once again, is that the rigid imperatives of policy got in the way of bold, forward-looking thinking. "There was a fear around here of self-fulfilling prophecies," says one official privy to the discussions. "There was also a sense that the people upstairs didn't want to be told what to do 'if.' They wanted to be told 'if' wasn't going to happen, and they wanted us to concentrate on making sure it didn't happen." Or as another official puts it, "The support-the-Shah-to-the-hilt policy limited discussion of other options."

Limited though the discussion may have been, the option of sending in U.S. troops has been considered in the Government—but not favorably. There are contingency planners on both sides of the Potomac River who would have dearly loved to design an American military intervention to prop up the Shah or seize the Iranian oilfields, but they lacked the pretext that they would be protecting Iran from outside interference. "Hell," says one military official, "we would have been the outside interference."

Could not the U.S. send in troops with the explicitly limited, and therefore non-provocative, mission of protecting the Strait of Hormuz from any Soviet or radical Arab attempt to exploit the chaos?

When faced with that question, a U.S. official replies, "Think about it for a minute. Those troops would be stationed on Iranian soil. They might very well find themselves confronted with Iranian mobs shouting 'Yankee, go home.' Either they would have to go home or they would be embroiled in a civil war—probably on the losing side."

No one doubts that outside forces, inimical to the Shah and the U.S. alike, have been stirring the broth in Iran. But they neither cooked the broth nor lit the fire under it. True, the KGB has a big station in Tehran. True, some Iranian leftists have been trained by the Palestinians. But the inescapable fact is that Communist and Arab agitation do not begin to explain the extent of opposition to the Shah, and therefore do not begin to justify a superpower confrontation.

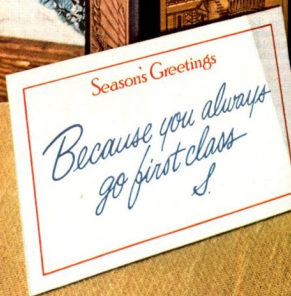
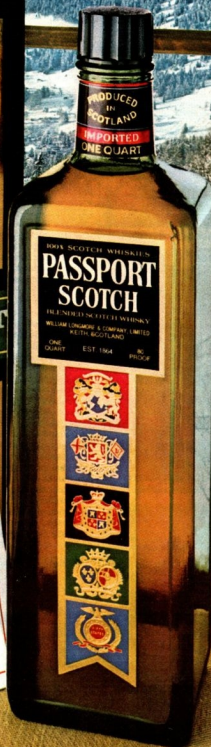
The dilemma in Iran has been illustrated in numerous conversations with supporters of the Shah, both in the Government and out. A theme in such conversations goes like this: "There is no alternative to the Shah." All right, fine. But what if, even though there is no alternative to the Shah, there should be no Shah tomorrow? Or next week? Then what? Such questions usually elicit a stubborn repetition of the statement: "There is no alternative to the Shah." That argument, which is beginning to sound like a slogan, really means: There is no acceptable alternative to the Shah. To say that there is no alternative at all is illogical, and unworthy of the men who reiterate it so dogmatically. But it is that dogma—"There is no alternative to the Shah"—that has dictated policy and discouraged options for many, many years.

—Strobe Talbott



Mob carrying Mossadegh portrait in Tehran (March 1953)

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World

AFGHANISTAN

Red Flag over a Mountain Cauldron

Moscow's new client presents it with problems as well as opportunities



National banner adopted by Taraki regime

AFGHANISTAN



Bilingual sign urging local and Russian clients to visit a Kabul barbershop

Making his first trip out of his isolated, primitive country since he seized power in a military coup seven months ago, Afghanistan's leftist President Noor Mohammed Taraki naturally headed for Moscow, which was the first foreign capital that recognized his regime. After a warm greeting from Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, Taraki, 61, happily signed a 20-year "treaty of friendship, good neighborliness and cooperation" that is sure to increase concern in the West (as well as in Peking) that Afghanistan has become a new base for Soviet adventurism, one that spells particular trouble for the country's already unstable neighbors, Pakistan and Iran.

Though the treaty is vaguer than the friendship pacts that the Soviets have signed in the past two months with Viet Nam and Ethiopia, it further confirms the fact that the soft-spoken, sometime journalist who heads Afghanistan's leftist Khalq (People's) Party "considers Moscow his friend, benefactor and protector," as a senior State Department official puts it. Indeed, the pro-Soviet tilt of the new rulers in Kabul, the Afghan capital, is already stirring some recriminations in Washington. U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, an ardent hawk on the subject of Soviet expansionism, growled to a U.S. diplomat visiting from Kabul this summer: "You lost Afghanistan." Yet while Taraki has steered his country out of its traditional nonaligned path, he has leavened his pro-Moscow rhetoric with occasional mentions of a desire to maintain ties with the U.S., which continues to provide aid to Kabul. TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Lawrence Malkin, who was in the Afghan capital last week as Taraki left for Moscow, reports that the country probably presents as many prob-

lems as opportunities to its new rulers and their Soviet allies:

"They haggle worse than Afghans," complains a grocer, pointing to some Soviet technicians shopping in Kabul's bazaars. The grocer hides his best produce when he sees the Russians coming. A jeweler has a simpler defense: he just doubles his prices to the Russians. While the 3,000 to 4,000 Soviet civilian and military advisers in Afghanistan attest to Moscow's interest in the country, Kabul is not Prague or Budapest, where tanks can be rolled in quickly to enforce the Brezhnev Doctrine. Afghanistan does have one main highway, but it merely connects the four main cities like a huge beltway. The country is bisected by the towering Hindu Kush Mountains, and there are few feeder roads. One result: there are still only loose connections between the dominant Pathans and the Uzbek, Hazara, Turkoman, Baluchi and nomadic tribes that make Afghanistan, as James A. Michener once described it, "one of the world's great cauldrons."

The Russians' land link with Kabul is a single road snaking north through the 11,000-ft.-high Salang Pass. A mile-long tunnel there could be dynamited by rebels, and it has been under military guard since April. At the border the Amu Darya River must be crossed by a ferry, though negotiations are under way for the Soviets to build a bridge.

While the Russians in Afghanistan try to keep a low profile, Taraki's government has boldly waved the country's new red flag, which has a yellow star (symbolizing the Khalq Party) surrounded by some wheat instead of a hammer and sickle. After it unfurled this banner in October, the regime promptly 1) withdrew recognition

Soviet shopper making purchase at market



from South Korea in favor of the Communist North, 2) described its accession to power as a "continuation" of the Russian Revolution, and 3) gratuitously parroted Brezhnev's charge of "imperialist" interference by the U.S. in Iran. But except for the ever suspicious Chinese, diplomats in Kabul have found no evidence that all this was on Moscow's orders. In fact, Soviet representatives in Afghanistan confide that they have advised the feudal country's new rulers to move and talk with caution. Apparently the Russians are wary of being drawn into civil strife in a country on their border, should the Taraki regime run into trouble.

One Soviet official says that "we insist that the Afghans make all policy decisions" lest Moscow be blamed for the regime's failures. At the same time, the Afghans seem to be playing a tricky game with Moscow. Explains a diplomat from a nonaligned country: "The Afghans want to limit the Russians' options, just the way [the pro-U.S.] regimes did with you Americans in Viet Nam by forcing you to become prisoners of their rhetoric."

The potential for civil strife is there. This summer young Khalq Party ideologues were appointed as district officials among fierce Pathan tribesmen in the eastern mountains. They arrived telling the tribesmen that the forests now belonged to the people, the party and the government. The puzzled Pathans, whose income from selling firewood is exceeded only by that from opium smuggling, asked their Muslim mullahs what this was all about. The mullahs declared the government and party to be infidels, and some of the young ideologues were slaughtered. In came planes and armored cars, and the tribesmen fought back. Some crossed the border to the Pathan area of Pakistan, vowing *badal*—literally, paying back in kind—for family members killed.

Southward near Kandahar, young teachers arrived in one district to preach Marxism. Again some were killed, and again the army went in, this time driving villagers into the frigid mountains. Neighboring Baluchi tribesmen, like the Pathans, have fled across the Pakistani border and are allied with separatist movements there. Some Western analysts have suggested that the Soviets may now want to take advantage of these movements to spearhead trouble in Pakistan and also in Iran, where some Baluchis have settled. For the moment, however, the Taraki regime's ineptitude in dealing with the tribesmen seems to have checked any such plan.

Inflation is beginning to hurt the Khalq government. Prices of grain, firewood, charcoal and other staples are rising, and the government has warned that hoarding will be dealt with by "revolutionary justice." Political insecurity is mirrored in unexplained arrests, as well as in frequent transfers and demotions of military men, officials and even Cabinet ministers. The regime's main political fear is the Parcham (Banner) faction, whose



Afghan soldiers proudly showing off their Czech-made automatic weapons

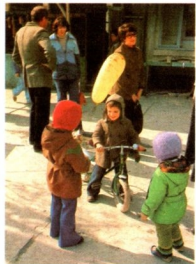
loyalty to Moscow exceeded the Khalq's before the two groups joined in the April revolution. During the summer, Taraki exiled six Parcham leaders by appointing them ambassadors abroad, then firing them. Their whereabouts remains a mystery, but some diplomats believe they are being kept in cold storage in Eastern Europe so that Moscow can send in another team if the Taraki regime fails.

Hence the Khalq government's professions of loyalty to Moscow. So far, however, the Russians have paid sparingly for this fealty. Since the coup, the Soviets have signed with the Taraki regime 29 aid agreements worth a total of \$104 million. By contrast, pledges from the West have amounted to \$121 million, half from the World Bank. But the flow of Western aid is starting to taper off. Afghan officials have bombarded foreign missions and international agencies in Kabul with requests to underwrite grandiose development plans that will probably have to be scaled down soon. The top priority now is land reform, and the government's policy is fairly pragmatic: a newly issued decree favors the distribution of plots to private owners (maximum: 15 irrigated acres per family) instead of Russian-style collective farms. If this plan is to work, the regime will need much cash to make crop loans to farmers next spring. The Russians are ready to supply long-term credits, but only for a price: the right to exploit Afghanistan's copper, fluorite, oil, rare earth minerals and, some reports say, uranium. Moscow seems to realize that it does not need another costly Cuba, and that it can secure a part of its southern border at a handy profit.

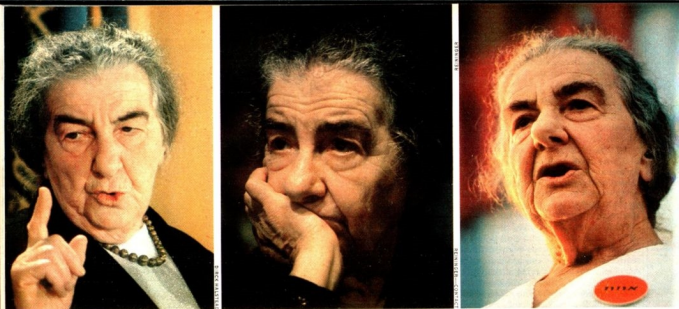
Indeed, a Cuban diplomat flying from Kabul one day last week, after helping to establish his country's new embassy there, was asked if Havana planned any special relationship with Kabul. No, he shrugged, still seething at Kabul's inefficient airport officialdom. For Cuba, he said, the Afghans are "*muy lejos*"—very far away. ■



A guard on duty at a sentry post



Russian children at play in the capital
Hidden merchandise and doubled prices



Three portraits of an "old lady" whose face was a nation's symbol: strong and disarmingly homely, it demanded respect

ISRAEL

A Tough, Maternal Legend

Golda Meir: 1898-1978

Her last name was Meir, but few Israelis ever thought of her as anything but Golda. To many people, her face was an appropriate symbol of Israel itself: strong, disarmingly homely, above all tough. It was a face that inspired love but also demanded respect—and the operative word was "demanded." Golda was of that generation of pioneers who built the Jewish state; she served as its Prime Minister through five years and one war. When she died last week at the age of 80, from the complications of lymphoma, an illness she had kept secret for twelve years, she still ranked high on any list of the world's most admired women. The dumpy, doughty lady with her drab dresses, hair strewn with gray, and ever-present cigarette was a figure of legend, and yet historians were divided on whether a cold-eyed examination of her record would ultimately justify the adulation she sought and gained.

As with so many legends, the private personality did not totally correspond to the public image. Golda came on, for instance, as the classic Jewish mother: hectoring, fond, overwhelmingly concerned, vulnerable to slights, demanding affection as a duty, offering sacrifice as emotional blackmail, but basically all heart. Still, she was also a fierce Zionist revolutionary, a driving organizer, a persuasive advocate who made up for her lack of stylish eloquence with a peasant shrewdness and a gift for using simplistic anecdotes to convey home truths. In 1969, for example, when Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser kept stating that another Arab-Israeli war was inevitable, she was reminded of a man in a Russian village who always could predict what night the horses were going to

be stolen. Why? Because he was the thief.

Golda made much of her humble beginnings, and humility was a trait she often professed. In real life she rarely practiced it. "Nobody crosses Golda," a former aide once said. She never forgot a slight. Yet she was willing to listen to almost anybody who asked for an audience, even though her listening could be a form of stonewalling. At the end, the coffee cups empty, the ashtrays full, the air staled in the close room, Golda would show her interlocutors into the thin dawn light—red-eyed, hoarse, exasperated, exhausted, knowing themselves defeated by the unshakable conviction of this indomitable woman. "It is like arguing before a judge," said one participant. "When she makes a decision, it's made."

On her strong, hunched shoulders, Golda seemed to carry the entire history of the Jewish ordeal, seeing herself as a paradigm of the Jew from the Diaspora returned to the promised land. And if her audience did not immediately sense that, Golda made sure they soon did. "I, the daughter of Moshe Mabovitch, who was just an ordinary carpenter..." was one of her favorite ways of beginning a speech. What she had not experienced in person, she assumed by proxy. Diplomats emerged from interviews with a stunned look, complaining that all they had wanted to do was to discuss a minor customs regulation; instead they had found themselves confronted with the weight of 50 years of the Jewish struggle for a national home.

For Golda, that struggle began in her memory when she was four years old, watching her father trying to barricade

the entrance to their small house in Kiev against rampaging Cossacks. What she felt then and many times later in her life was "the fear, the frustration, the consciousness of being different and the profound instinctive belief that if one wanted to survive, one had to take effective action about it personally." Her father emigrated to the U.S. in 1903, and brought over his wife and their three daughters three years later to settle in Milwaukee. As a teen-ager, Golda was already interested in politics, encouraged by the example of her elder sister Sheyna. Intent on becoming a schoolteacher, Golda ran away from home to live with her sister in Denver. There she married a mild, intellectual sign painter, Morris Myerson, whom she argued into emigrating to Palestine in 1921. They lived for two years in a kibbutz (where Golda promptly took over and reorganized the communal kitchen), then moved to Tel Aviv and later Jerusalem, where their two children, Menachem and Sarah, were born. But she soon realized, as she wrote in her autobiography *My Life*, that she had to decide whether "to devote myself entirely to my family" or to "have the kind of purposeful life for which I so yearned." (Golda and her husband separated soon after the birth of their second child; Morris died in 1951.)

In the late '20s, Golda became active in Histadrut, the Jewish labor federation; in 1940 she was named head of its political department. After World War II, with all signs pointing toward an end to Britain's mandate over Palestine, David Ben-Gurion, head of the Jewish Agency, dispatched Golda to the U.S. to raise money for arms that the new Jewish state would need. She minced no words. As she told a Chicago assembly of fund raisers: "You cannot decide whether we will fight or not. We will. You can only decide one thing: whether or not we shall be victorious." Within weeks the American Jewish community raised \$50 million, which

World

Ben-Gurion used to buy weapons for his underground army, the Haganah. History, he said later, would record that "there was a Jewish woman who got the money that made [Israel] possible."

Golda was no sooner back from that trip than Ben-Gurion sent her on a secret mission in 1947 to Trans-Jordan's King Abdullah. She went to the desert meeting disguised as a peasant woman. On an earlier visit, Abdullah had agreed not to attack Israel. At this second meeting, he turned elusive. Why be in such a hurry to proclaim your state? "We have been waiting for 2,000 years," retorted Golda. "Is that hurrying?"

After Israel proclaimed its independence, Ben-Gurion named her as the new nation's first ambassador to Moscow. He later made her Minister of Labor, then Foreign Minister, a post in which she stoutly supported his policy of tough retaliation for every act of Arab sabotage or raid. Said Ben-Gurion: "She is the only man in my Cabinet." Overall, she had a love-hate relationship with Israel's blustery, impulsive first Premier. At his behest, she Hebraized her last name from Meyerson to Meir (meaning illumination). Privately she referred to Ben-Gurion as "that man." But he was indulgent of her tirades in closed Cabinet sessions. "You have to forgive her," he would say. "She had a very difficult childhood."

In 1965, in a mood of weariness, she decided to retire from foreign affairs, and became secretary general of Israel's Labor Party. When Premier Levi Eshkol died suddenly of a heart attack in 1969, the Labor Party asked her to succeed him, not only out of love but to avoid a split between factions loyal to the flamboyant Moshe Dayan and his archrival Yigal Alon. She duly burst into tears, expounded her devotion to her children and grandchildren, professed inadequacy—and accepted.

Golda took over as Israel's fourth Premier, more the autocrat than the mother comforter. But even in this dominating role, she injected a maternal element into the cold science of international relations. She assembled her senior cabinet members at supper in her kitchen to discuss affairs of state amid aromatic fumes of the chicken soup she loved to cook. She met Prime Ministers and Presidents at the grandest of diplomatic dinners wearing her severely cut suits and orthopedic shoes. She tolerated bodyguards with reluctance but would often brew tea for them in the morning's small hours on some of her sleepless nights.

As Premier, she was ruthlessly realistic throughout the so-called war of attrition; her response to any Arab raid or act of terrorism was to order even heavier counterviolence. "We are finished with gimmicks—with observers and emergency forces and demilitarized zones and armistices," she said. "It is a mistake to consider that the reason for the conflict

between us is over some territory. We can compromise about that. They don't want us here. That's what it is all about. They don't want us, period."

Domestically, she let Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir run the country as if it were his private store. Thanks to generous infusions of U.S. aid and contributions from Israel's American Jewish supporters, the private store thrived mightily, despite inflation, high taxes and rising military costs. In foreign policy, she reflected her country's cockiness after the stunning victories of the 1967 Six-Day War, as well as the average Israeli's suspicion that there could be no peace with Israel's neighbors. Said she: "The Arabs wish us dead. We want to live. That's very hard to compromise." She steadfastly ignored any signals to the contrary. More than that, she too casually dismissed the rising sense of nationalism among Arabs living in the occupied West Bank and Gaza.

She fell from power concerning an issue about which she was certainly right and her advisers wrong. In the fateful few days before the 1973 October War, her intelligence officers and military advisers, including Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, insisted that the Arabs were not about to attack. They advised her against ordering total mobilization of Israel's defense forces, arguing that it would be provocative. Golda listened—and hesitated. "I, who was so accustomed to making decisions, failed to make that one decision," she wrote in *My Life*. "That Friday morning I should have listened to the warnings of my own heart and ordered a call-up." Israel, of course, won the fourth of its wars with the Arabs, but not before Egyptian forces drove into Sinai and Syrian tanks nearly broke through on the Golan Heights. More than 2,500 Israelis died; her fellow citizens blamed Golda, and in the aftermath, she resigned.

In the years of retirement, Golda was rather like a queen in exile. She remained a voice of authority in the Labor Party, promoting the victory of her successor Yitzhak Rabin and then mourning Labor's loss in the 1977 elections to Likud and her old enemy, Menachem Begin. When Anwar Sadat came on his famous visit to Jerusalem, his confrontation with "the Old Lady" made headlines. "He's not as ugly as I thought," she observed tartly, but she was disappointed by his tough Knesset speech. She appreciated the risks the Egyptian leader had taken, but she remained deeply skeptical of that peace, deeply convinced of Israel's need for eternal vigilance. As she had said many times prior to Sadat's visit, "Our secret weapon is that we have no alternative. We have no other way." Ironically, though, history may well decide that the greatest failure of Israel's strong-willed old lady was her own lack of vigilance on the eve of the October War.



Golda, as pictured in junior class yearbook



With Premier David Ben-Gurion in 1960



Visiting Israeli troops in the Sinai in 1969

With Sadat during his 1977 visit to Jerusalem



World



Begin and Peres at Nobel Prize ceremony

MIDDLE EAST

Alone in Oslo

Begin takes a peaceless prize

The ceremony had been planned as a duet, but it came off as more of a solo. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat felt there was no point in going to Oslo to collect his half of this year's \$173,700 Nobel Peace Prize. Instead, he sent an aide and confidant, Sayed Marei, a former Speaker of Egypt's parliament. The cause of Sadat's disenchantment: the Middle East peace treaty negotiations begun at Camp David were still stalled over two issues. One was Israel's insistence that the pact should take precedence, in time of conflict, over Egypt's obligations to other Arab countries. The more nagging question was Sadat's demand for linkage of the treaty and the proposed negotiations over the future of the West Bank and Gaza, linkage that he and President Carter believed Israeli Premier Menachem Begin had agreed to at the Camp David summit.

Unable to resolve either problem by an exchange of letters with his Nobel laureate, Sadat warned that the negotiations could not be wound up by the Dec. 17 deadline set in the Camp David agreement. Concerned about the deteriorating situation, the White House announced that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who was scheduled to attend NATO talks in Brussels this week, would fly instead to Cairo and Jerusalem. Vance, said State Department Spokesman George Sherman, would "explore ways of resuming the discussions" with Sadat and Begin.

Meanwhile, members of his own Li-

kud coalition begged Begin not to go to Oslo. As Israeli Newspaper Columnist Amos Keinan put it, Begin's attendance at a peace celebration without a peace was "like celebrating the *brith mila* [Jewish circumcision ritual] while the baby is not yet born."

Unmoved, Begin flew to the Norwegian capital late last week to receive his commemorative gold medal from Mrs. Aage Lonaes, head of the peace prize committee, in the high-walled medieval Akershus. In his acceptance speech, Begin quoted the prophets Isaiah and Micah ("And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks..."). He then rhetorically posed an issue that bedevils everyone concerned with the 30-year-old Middle East struggle: "not whether, but when this vision [of peace] will become a reality." Begin did not give a definite answer. Instead, he acknowledged an intellectual debt to Giuseppe Garibaldi. The Italian revolutionary hero, said Begin, taught freedom fighters to "work for peace because there is no mission in life more sacred."

Begin's speech was delivered under the most extraordinary security precautions Norway had seen in recent memory. An estimated 2,000 policemen were deployed around Oslo; Begin was ferried to the Akershus by helicopter and bulletproof limousine. Even the location of the ceremony was a concession to police precautions. Heretofore, the Nobel award has always been bestowed at Oslo University's marble-clad Festival Hall. Security experts feared the hall offered too many opportunities to terrorists. In changing the venue, Begin's guardians unconsciously added an element of historical irony to this year's ceremony. The 14th century Akershus served during World War II as headquarters for that quintessential Nazi collaborator and anti-Semite, Vidkun Quisling. ■

VENEZUELA

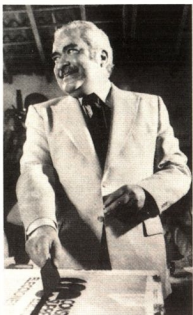
Ad-versaries

A TV blitz produces an upset

Car horns sounded a deafening tattoo in the streets of Caracas last week as Venezuelans hailed the outcome of their fifth free presidential election in 20 years. The surprise result: a defeat for the ruling left-liberal Acción Democrática Party, the country's dominant political organization.

The winner, portly, avuncular Lawyer-Politician Luis Herrera Campins, 53, leader of the centrist Social Christian Party, got some 47% of the vote. That put him well ahead of the field of nine other candidates, including Acción Democrática's Luis Piñerua Ordaz, 57, who won roughly 43%.

Both Herrera and Piñerua depended heavily on professional American campaign strategists. Herrera's adviser was



President-elect Luis Herrera Campins

Manhattan-based David Garth, whose credits include the victories of New York Governor Hugh Carey and New York City Mayor Edward Koch. Piñerua had the services of Clifton White, a former Barry Goldwater aide, and Joseph Napolitan, author of *The Election Game and How to Win It*, who ran the successful 1973 campaign of outgoing President Carlos Andrés Pérez.

In a country where seven out of ten urban households have television sets, Herrera and Piñerua fought their campaigns largely on the tube. Their American advisers did elaborate private polling to identify voter concerns (Garth conducted nine soundings), then based the candidates' TV campaigns on the results.

Garth, who speaks little Spanish, relied on two top staffers who spoke the local language, and used two American law students to take his poll surveys for him. Herrera and Piñerua each spent an estimated \$8 million for TV time. President Pérez, who naturally had an interest in seeing Piñerua elected, meanwhile managed to get around a law barring presidential involvement in an election by hitting the hustings on what were billed as "administrative tours." His government spent \$15 million touting its achievements and otherwise burnishing its image. To critics of that blatant electioneering, Pérez argued: "The government's record is involved in the campaign."

Indeed it was. Following Garth's script, Herrera hammered away on one theme: Acción Democrática had accomplished too little with the wealth that Venezuela had gained as a result of the rise in oil prices after 1973. Though the money enabled the Pérez administration to triple government spending in five years, to



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World

\$10.7 billion in 1978, many of Venezuela's 13 million citizens felt that they had gotten less than a trickle of the oil windfall. Venezuela's per capita income has risen sharply and is now, at \$2,357, South America's highest, but poverty is still widespread. Highly skilled jobs often go begging, but within sight of Caracas' high-rise skyline hundreds of thousands of peasants live in shanty towns that lack water, roads and sewers. Agricultural policy has been a disaster; Venezuela imports much of its food from the U.S., Chile and the Caribbean. Inflation (current rate: 13%) persists, and urban street crime is on the rise. Only two weeks ago, the widow of former U.S. Ambassador to Venezuela C. Allan Stewart was beaten to death on a Caracas sidewalk.

Herrera's TV pitch was blunt-spoken, to put it mildly. In one ad, a Caracas slum dweller complained that Acción Democrática representatives had promised that new housing would be built for her if she voted for the party. The government fought back with newspaper ads declaiming: LET THEM SAY WHAT THEY SAY, TODAY I LIVE BETTER. But Acción Democrática was never able to shake the image of ineptitude that Herrera kept emphasizing. Said one Caracas resident: "When you watch Pérez on television, then go to the bathroom to take a shower and there's no water, you don't exactly feel like voting for Acción Democrática."

Late in the race, Acción Democrática turned to red-baiting ads that compared Herrera to a watermelon: green (the Social Christians' color) on the outside, crimson within. But Herrera, who is something of an intellectual, is a firmly anti-Communist liberal. He was exiled to Europe in the first year of the 1952-58 dictatorship of Marcos Pérez Jiménez because he was a vocal campus opponent of the regime. While abroad, he forged strong links between the Social Christians (he was a charter member) and Europe's various Christian Democratic parties. Herrera returned to Venezuela after Pérez Jiménez was overthrown, and became a deputy that year; in 1973 he won a seat in the Senate (where his brother is an Acción Democrática member).

Domestically, Herrera must do something about the shortcomings in health and education policy that he cited in his campaign. But he must also worry about raising hopes too high, since Venezuela's conventional oil reserves, which provide over 90% of the country's foreign earnings, may run out in 20 years. Herrera wants to continue Caracas' good relations with the U.S., which buys 33% of Venezuela's exports. He is also likely to tone down Caracas' frequent, noisy ruminations on its self-appointed role as "a bridge," as Pérez frequently put it, between the developed nations and the Third World. Herrera will be busy enough just dealing with the expectations he has raised in his own country. ■

NAMIBIA

Desert Mirage

Pretoria's empty victory

It certainly looked like an authentic election campaign in an emerging African nation. Buses adorned with blue and white balloons labored up and down the main street of Windhoek, the sun-swept territorial capital, loudspeakers blaring "Vote! Vote! Vote!" Mobile polls were transported to practically every village in Namibia, the resource-rich, population-poor (about 1 million) stretch of desert known as South West Africa that South Africa's white regime has ruled as a protectorate since 1920. Yet the result, reports TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter, was about as real as the mirages of the Kalahari sands that stretch for trackless miles across Namibia.



D.T.A. Leader Dirk Mudge with guards



Woman casting ballot

One slogan: "Vote for her sake."

Even the South Africans now realize that the huge territory they have ruled under a long-expired League of Nations mandate is on the verge of becoming independent. But in the past two years South Africa has spent at least \$1 billion on economic and military aid in an effort to ensure that Namibia's first independent government will be one that can be lived with comfortably. South Africa last week staged elections in Namibia—not under U.N. auspices, as Pretoria had previously promised, but on its own terms.

As a result, the multiracial Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (D.T.A.), which South Africa has fostered and supported, ran virtually unopposed. To be sure, there were four right-wing fringe parties in the race, including one white-supremist group that ran under the portrait of a flaxen-haired young maiden holding a puppy with that party's slogan: VOTE FOR HER SAKE. The South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), the U.N.-backed political movement that has been waging guerrilla warfare in the territory since 1966, refused to take part in the elections.

For an organization waging a battle it could not lose, the D.T.A. fought remarkably hard. Using a network of 36 offices, 425 fieldworkers, 21 armed guards, 132 vehicles and ten mobile TV units, the party staged some 500 rallies and spent an estimated \$5.5 million, which is a lot of money, since Namibia has only 412,000 eligible voters. Under the D.T.A.'s white leader, a wealthy rancher named Dirk Mudge, 50, the party shrewdly maintained that it stood for independence from South Africa and an end to apartheid.

SWAPO tried to discourage foreign journalists from covering the election, contending that their presence would legitimize the proceedings. The SWAPO argument was echoed at the U.N. by the ambassadors from Zambia, Nigeria and Tanzania, who declared that reporters who attempted to cover the campaign would be doing a "disservice" to the U.N. While that seemed in line with a dubious belief that is steadily gaining ground in Third World countries—that the world press should be tightly controlled—SWAPO leaders inside Namibia privately expressed a belief that the presence of foreign reporters gave them some protection during the campaign, though not too much. Within full view of one press group, police attacked and badly beat up a sign-carrying SWAPO demonstrator.

Indications are that the D.T.A. will probably wind up with 80% of the vote. But the showdown between the D.T.A. and SWAPO lies ahead. SWAPO is still waging the guerrilla war. It might suspend the fighting during a U.N.-supervised election campaign, but it would not be prepared to lose that voting contest. Says a SWAPO leader: "The struggle will continue. That's all." Translation: If SWAPO should be defeated at the polls in such an election, the bloodshed would continue. ■

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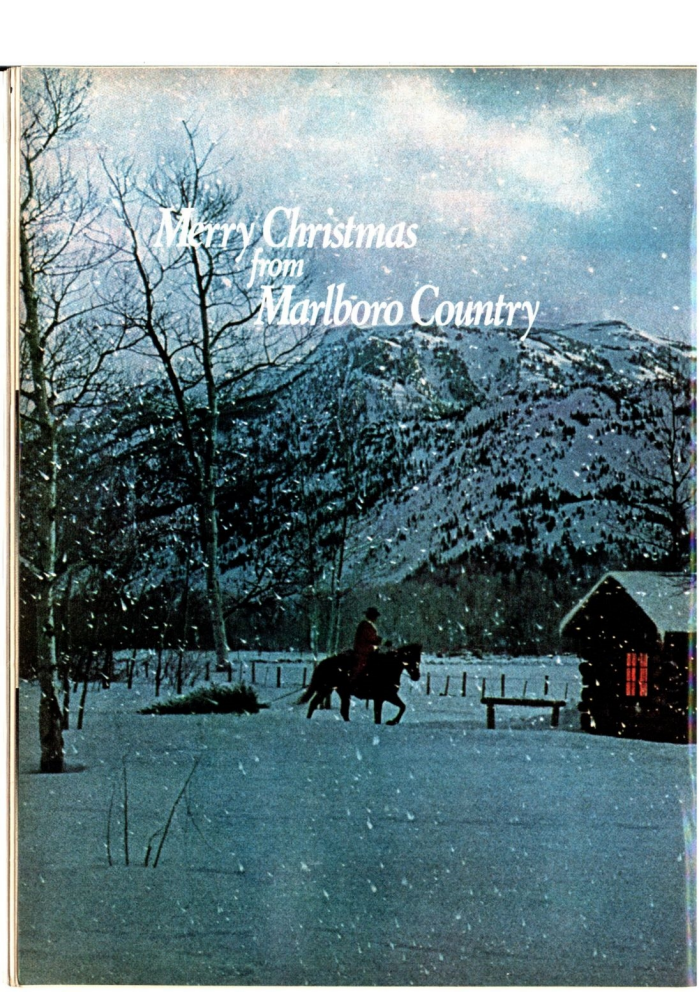


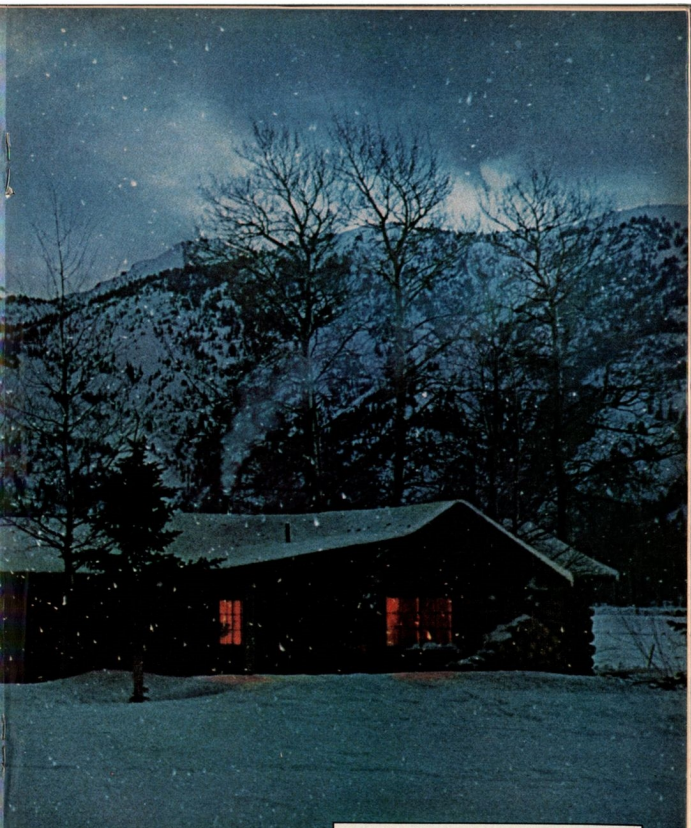
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Religion

Looking Evil in the Eye

Is the subject still a worthwhile one for theologians?

"Modern liberal theologians have forgotten the problem of evil," says University of Chicago philosopher Paul Ricoeur. Is that true, even in the aftermath of a horror like Jonestown? Remarks Yale Divinity School's Barbara Hargrove, "in other ages, what happened to Jim Jones would have been referred to very clearly as coming under the influence of evil forces—the devil got in him." But I haven't heard any people using that kind of language."

To be sure, traditionalist Catholics

Hitler—that's what one should be concerned with."

The University of Toronto's Gregory Baum, like Milhaven a former Catholic priest, agrees. The enormity of the Rev. Jim Jones' deed, he maintains, in no way discredits the liberal emphasis on social and institutional evil as opposed to individual sin. Yale's Margaret Farley also defends the modern de-emphasis on personal evil. "One of the advantages of looking to social evil is that you don't neutralize evil at all, but you

and put no limit on ours. We certainly are capable of making a botch of it." If God had programmed all human beings to be good, he explains, there might be no evil, but there would be no virtue either. God chose to let man choose.

Philosopher Alvin C. Plantinga of Michigan's Calvin College offers an intricate, logical refinement of Augustine's theory in *God, Freedom and Evil* (1974, reissued in 1977 by Eerdmans). He contends that it is unreasonable to argue that an omnipotent God could have created a world in which moral evil is nonexistent and, at the same time, man's spirit is free. Plantinga concludes that the existence of evil does not render the existence of God improbable, much less preclude it. But he grants that this does not solve the problem of "theodicy," the effort, in John Milton's phrase, "to justify the ways of God to man."

The tendency in modern liberal Christianity has been to solve the problem of theodicy by trimming God's omnipotence. For instance, in *God and Human Anguish* (Abingdon, 1977), the Rev. S. Paul Schilling, former chairman of theological studies at Boston University, proposes that eternal limits may be built into God's power, even though his love is unlimited. "If so, his creative activity involves costly travail over long periods of time, and human beings are exposed to ills that he does not choose, but works ceaselessly to remove and prevent."

Over the centuries, speculation about evil focused mainly on the imponderables of nature, the so-called acts of God. But in the 20th century, the scale of man-made evil has become so vast that it too raises doubts about the very existence of God. Why did God not prevent mankind from carrying out the Holocaust? This is a continuing issue in Jewish theology, which has produced no more conclusive an answer than the vow of Canadian philosopher Emil Fackenheim, who is Jewish, to maintain his faith in the face of everything. Otherwise, says Fackenheim, Judaism is in danger of withering away and Hitler will have won a "posthumous victory" after all.

Compared with the epochal events of a century that has produced both Hitler and Stalin, the Guyana tragedy raises no novel theological issues. To the Rev. J. Philip Wogaman of Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C., Jonestown offered a wholesale example of a problem that humanity faces on a "retail basis" each day: a despair and lack of hope in God so deep as to lead to suicide.

Traditional theology ascribes human evil, as well as evil in nature, to the work of Satan and his legions or to the ravages of original sin—"the one Christian doctrine," quips Catholic Theologian David Tracy, "that is empirically verifiable."



Gustave Doré's illustration of a demon tormenting one of the damned in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Was Jonestown the result of personal sin, or an example of "psychological sickness"?

and Evangelical Protestants still talk of individual evil, original sin, even of the devil and demons—and did so in the wake of what happened in the jungles of Guyana. But these concepts have not exactly been popular among more liberal theologians. Brown University's John Giles Milhaven, for example, refuses to attach the label "evil" even to Jonestown. "I think what really happens with people like Hitler and Jones," says he, "is simple psychological sickness. The only response [to Guyana], it seems to me, is pity for everybody involved, not moral horror. Psychological illnesses that keep people from being good, sociological causes that compel people to turn to Jones or to

don't become paranoid about it either."

While Jonestown may raise questions about upbeat liberal theologies, it also raises a classic problem for orthodox belief, one as old as the *Book of Job* or as current as next week's list of senseless murders: Why does evil exist at all? If God is benevolent, and if he is all powerful, why does he not prevent evil? If evil exists, so the argument runs, then either God's love or his power must be limited.

The classic Christian answer to this quandary is the free will theory formulated by St. Augustine. As the Rev. Stephen Duffy of New Orleans' Loyola University summarized it last week: "God freely decided to limit his own freedom

Religion

The horror in Jonestown appears to undermine basic elements of modern popular religion: that social sin matters and not personal evil; that it does not matter what one believes so long as the belief is sincere; that such acts as suicide are not intrinsically wrong.

Yale's Hargrove agrees. "People are re-examining some of the assumptions of both liberal religion and liberal education about the notion of the evil being in social institutions, the idea that if we just got rid of them, all the little flowers would be free to bloom. In Guyana, people who separated themselves from the evil institutions of our capitalist-industrial economy and went out to start Eden all over

again ended up, not in the perfect life, but in death."

Since Jonestown occurred in a supposedly religious framework, it raises special questions. "Nothing is as bad as bad religion," remarks Canadian Protestant Theologian Alan Davies. Says Chicago's Ricoeur, author of *The Symbolism of Evil* (1967): "What I fear is that everyone will try to disconnect themselves from Jonestown. We are the good people. This cannot happen to us." It can happen to anyone, insists Ricoeur, the classic example being the "good Germans" of the Nazi era. Of course, it was those solid citizens who, in the late Hannah Arendt's famous phrase, exemplified the "banality of evil"—not its absence.

est Protestant group, the Southern Baptist Convention, warns against "overreaction" by parents of cult members or by the government. He urges fellow Christians to support "free religious expression" at the same time that they carefully scrutinize new faiths and "speak out against deviant beliefs and abuses against persons." Every new group should be examined carefully, he advises, and measured by such beliefs and practices as "the unquestioned lordship of Jesus Christ, the unimpeded right of each believer to communicate with God and use of the Bible as the norm against which all doctrines and practices should be verified."

If cults pose a problem for main-line churches in general, the Rev. Jim Jones posed a particularly difficult one for Indianapolis' Kenneth L. Teegarden, president of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), a respectable denomination of 1.3 million members. Until his death Jones, for all his aberrations, was a clergyman in good standing in that church. What is more, he took care to join the Guyana Council of Churches.

Under the Disciples' tradition of local autonomy, says Teegarden, "it is not possible nor has it been desirable to conduct investigations of the activities or ministries of local congregations. We have stood firmly for a variety of styles and approaches to Christian mission." He adds that because of the "tenuous relations" between headquarters and local churches, he had only a "bare knowledge" of Jones' operation. That is remarkable, given the fact that Jones' Peoples Temple branches were two of the five largest congregations in the church and for a decade he had stirred more press controversy than any other clergyman in the denomination. An investigation by the Christian Church in California went nowhere. Officials are now trying to decide whether to alter cherished *laissez-faire* traditions and establish a procedure for throwing out unfit ministers or congregations.

But no amount of procedural change is likely to resolve the basic problem. According to the Rev. J. Gordon Melton, a Methodist who heads the Institute for the Study of American Religion in Evanston, Ill., cults are a natural outgrowth of the religious climate in urban areas. "In a city no one cares what his neighbor does for religion," says he. "You can always sell a few people on every weird idea that comes along." By his reckoning, 10% of America's urban population is touched in one way or another by the new cults. As Melton sees it, that figure may well keep growing right up to the year 2000. "A lot of people will be coming along expecting the end of the world, just the way they did at the end of the first millennium," he warns. "You haven't seen anything yet."

The Quandary of the Cults

Main-line U.S. churches are unsure how to confront them

Why has main-line religion been so ineffectual in confronting the bizarre cults that were proliferating in the U.S. long before tragedy struck at Jonestown? The Evangelical Protestants and the Fundamentalists have been waging ideological hand-to-hand combat with them, as have Jewish groups (which are fending off Christian evangelists at the same time). But Roman Catholicism and the more liberal Protestant denominations have settled for polite discourse, though they, too, mistrust the cults.

Other than words, of course, the churches have no weapons under the American system of free conscience and do not want them. In Catholic countries, political coercion of belief had largely died out long before the Second Vatican Council adopted its *Declaration on Religious Freedom*. That has led, in turn, to a more relaxed, benign stance toward rivals, even the most macabre of them. Says the Rev. Stephen Duffy, chairman of the theology and religion department of New Orleans' Loyola University: "The Catholic Church has learned a certain tolerance, a wisdom in biding your time and hoping people will regain their senses." The same is true of many Protestant churches. Jonestown also intensifies these groups' embarrassment over the failure of traditional religions to spread their message.

Commitment to the principle of rights for rival faiths is the major reason for reticence, but in addition some fear that to speak out against any "church," even one clearly unworthy of the name, would be to risk controls on all churches. That concern is not entirely without foundation. Vigilantes have engaged in kidnapping and "deprogramming" U.S. members of oddball religious groups for years. A number of newspapers are demanding that Congress hold hear-

ings on cults. Of course, even the worst actions ascribed to, say, the Moonies, the Scientologists or the Hare Krishnas do not remotely resemble the insanities of Jonestown.

The Rev. Glenn Igleheart, the "interfaith witness" director of the nation's larg-



Cult Leader Sun Myung Moon preaching



Founder L. Ron Hubbard with device used in Scientology

Biding their time, hoping people will regain their senses.

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 **ALCOA**

COVER STORY

The Convening of America

Getting together to get it together is a booming business

Welcome, delegates. You have been seen sauntering down Atlanta's Peachtree Street in funny hats, strolling doubleknit arm in doubleknit arm along Chicago's Michigan Avenue, wandering through Detroit's Renaissance Center freighted with hors d'oeuvre plates and plastic highball glasses, hanging on to San Francisco's cable cars, riding the escalators up and down Los Angeles' Century City still wearing your HELLO MY NAME IS badges. And gawking at the tall buildings along Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas, snake-dancing through the streets of New Orleans' Vieux Carré, wearing aloha shirts in Waikiki, slapping old backs and cooking new deals in the hotel lobbies of Washington, D.C., Las Vegas, Seattle, Peoria and Everywhere, U.S.A.

Conventioners have become a permanent subculture in American cities. By their badges you shall know them: Institute of Internal Auditors, Farm and Power Equipment Dealers, Norwegian Singers Association of America, National Sash and Door Jobbers, Odd Fellows, Jaycees, Telephone Pioneers, American Association for Laboratory Animal Science, Ancient Mystic Order of Bagmen of Bagdad, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks (also Does), Knights of Pythias (also of Columbus, Equity, St. John, York and Templar), United Commercial Travelers, Automotive Dismantlers and Recyclers, neurologists, gynecologists, anesthesiologists, otorhinolaryngologists, Funeral Directors and Morticians, Sugar Beet Technologists and Hot Dip Galvanizers.

If the sidewalks around downtown hotels seem to be particularly thick with these visiting firemen nowadays, it is because the nation is in the grip of what can only be called convention fever. The symptoms: an eruption of hats, badges, buttons, sashes, brochures, luggage-strewn hotel lobbies, stackable ballroom chairs, green baize tabletops, insulated plastic water pitchers, felt WELCOME banners, note-festooned message boards, firm handshakes, hearty guffaws, setups in the hospitality suite and dark circles under the eyes. The diagnosis: an insatiable urge to meet and greet, gather and blather with one's suppliers, customers, lodge members, old friends, perfect strangers, peers, inferiors and superiors. The cure: none yet discovered.

The fever is hardly a new affliction. The most enervating, enduring and escapist of social institutions, the convention is as American as rubber chicken, as ubiquitous as revolving hotel-top restaurants, as old as the nation itself. Our more perfect union was forged at a convention (Philadelphia, 1787), divided against itself at another (Montgomery, Ala., 1861), reunited at a rather intimate one (Appomattox Courthouse, 1865) and renewed quadriennially. Long before Sinclair Lewis chronicled the fictional convention high jinks of George F. Babbitt, *boobus Americanus* and prototypical conventioner, other observers discovered our penchant for gatherings. "As soon as several Americans have conceived a sentiment or an idea that they want to produce before the world, they seek each other out, and when found, they unite," observed Alexis de Tocqueville in 1835. Ed-

itorialized the *Nation* in 1865: "If the Englishman can initiate no public enterprise without a public dinner, the American is equally helpless until he has called a convention... We are living in a very gregarious time."

No time has ever been quite as gregarious as the present. The number of conventioners has grown steadily over the past decade. This year 26 million citizens gathered in solemn or profane conclave and there spent an estimated \$15 billion. That is double the amount they spent ten years ago, and twice as much as Americans allot for amusements and spectator sports. There are some 28,000 trade, professional and other voluntary associations in the U.S., and by year's end they will have met nearly 250,000 times. The rage to meet has helped pack the nation's

37,410 hotels and motels to more than 70% of capacity, the highest room-occupancy rate in two decades. Some cities today are so overrun with conventioners that there is, quite literally, no room at the inn. Says Chicago's Jay Lurye, 55, one of a growing number of professional meeting planners: "The whole convention business is like a sleeping giant that has suddenly sprung."

Though typically American, convention fever is contagious. Europeans are picking up the convention habit (though Asians largely have not). And with the cheapening of the once-mighty dollar, foreigners are starting to find it attractive to meet here.

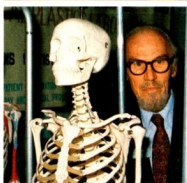
The U.S. passion for gathering may be an old one, but there are new reasons for the convention boom:

- the trend toward discount airfares, which makes distant meetings cheaper for companies and associations to sponsor;
- the inflationary creep of Americans into higher tax brackets, which makes tax-deductible convention trips about the only vacations many people can afford any more;
- the trend toward rewarding and motivating employees by scheduling company meetings in distant or otherwise exotic locales ("incentive travel," it is called);
- the increasing isolation in huge organizations of professional people like accountants and computer technicians, which makes their meetings particularly welcome and valuable;
- the steady march of consumerism and government regulation, which inspires trade and professional groups to meet more frequently to discuss compliance—or resistance. "Ten or 15 years ago, people considered conventions to be social outlets," says James Low, president of the 6,200-member American Society of Association Executives (which will have its own convention in St. Louis next August). "But with the dawn of Ralph Nader, suddenly everyone was under question. People wanted to know if businessmen were ethical, whether their products were safe. The business world turned in on itself. For the first time businessmen realized they needed their competitors."

One thing is certain: the convention is wreaking irreversible changes in the nation's topography, economy and patterns of social behavior. Consider the urban landscape. Cavernous convention centers, often municipally financed and usually little more than a big enclosed space, are popping up across the



ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY EDWARD KOSKE

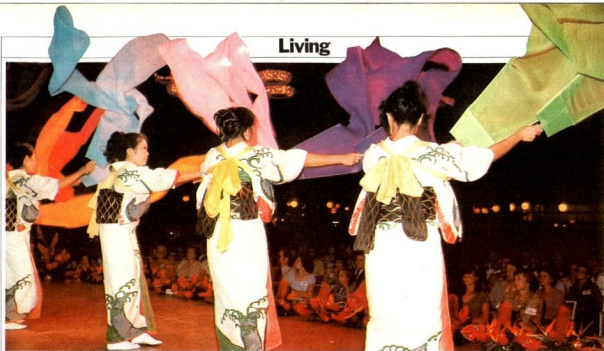


AMERICAN BANKER

Clockwise from top: farmers in Kansas City; medical-goods exhibitor in New York; hypnotists in Detroit; vocational educator relaxing in Dallas; produce-grower in Atlanta; electronic engineers luncheon in Washington; greeting the bankers in Waikiki



Living



Japanese dancers entertaining delegates at the American Bankers Association convention last October at the Waikiki Hilton

country like second-story men at a jewelers' convention. Some 60 cities have built one of those concrete boxes, and another eleven are on the way. Meantime, hotels that cater to the convention trade are being expanded or else threatened by newer, larger ones. Las Vegas' 2,783-room Hilton, the nation's roomiest, has been expanded twice in the past five years. It will become the nation's second largest hotel if, as planned, the 2,131-room New York Hilton adds 800 rooms. A world-class convention center or convention hotel may soon replace a first-rate symphony orchestra or a winning professional sports team as coveted civic status symbols.

So important is the convention business that 117 U.S. cities employ professional staffs to attract meetings. New York City's Convention and Visitors Bureau has five traveling salesmen trying to persuade trade and professional groups to gather in the Big Apple. The Atlanta Convention and Visitors Bureau also has a field force of five convention hunters out plugging the Big Peach. Miami employs four to tout the Big Orange, while Waikiki sent a representative to Austria to bag the Lions International for the Big Pineapple.

The methods are as imaginative as those of any high-octane huckster. As part of New York City's bid for the 1976 Democratic National Convention, a city meeting scout carried a huge styrofoam apple filled with real apples to the site selection committee. Houston sends potential customers little glass oil wells and packets of Texas chili mix. Says David Tester of the Milwaukee Convention and Visitors Bureau: "We are like civic whores. We do anything to bring a convention to our community."

Small wonder. Those billions that conventioners sprinkle behind them are high-velocity dollars. The money remains the same, as Gertrude Stein put it, but the pockets change. Faster than you can say otorhinolaryngologist. According to some estimates, a dollar spent at a convention is respent locally five times over the subsequent

two weeks. Better yet, convention spending is pure gravy for the host city. "Conventions don't pollute or put any burden on municipal services," says Frank Sain, president of the Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau. Adds Hartford, Conn.'s Convention and Visitors Bureau Chairman David Heint: "A convention is like a plane flying over and dropping money into a city for three or four days."

Not every convention goes far afield. Only 9% of state associations ever meet outside their home state, according to the trade monthly *Successful Meetings*, though cheaper airfares are beginning to encourage more adventuresomeness. In the decade before 1977, 12% of national organizations met or scheduled future meetings outside the U.S. That percentage has slipped slightly because of section 602 of the Tax Reform Act of 1976. Americans can now deduct expenses for only two foreign meetings a year, and then only if they can prove that they spent at least six hours a day in working sessions. The American Psychiatric Association, which met in Toronto last May, issued each delegate IBM cards to be filled out after each session, dropped in a box, collected by an A.P.A. official and mailed

DAN CONNOLLY

back to the delegate so that he could submit them to the IRS. Convention-industry officials complain that the record-keeping requirements are onerous and that it invites retaliatory moves by foreign governments.

Only 9% of all meetings draw more than 1,000 registrants, and most conventions are small enough to fit in the Gold Room of your local Holiday Inn. Only about 20 cities in the U.S. have enough hotel rooms and meeting space for truly major gatherings like the Off-shore Technology Conference (78,000)

*Among those who pick it up: restaurants, retail shops, printers, electricians, florists, carpenters, security people and utility and telephone companies. Also advertising agencies and public relations firms, motor coach services, audiovisual equipment companies, duplicating and distribution services, auto rental and leasing, charter bus services and sightseeing tours, commercial and industrial equipment leasing, costume rentals and sales, court reporters and stenographers, entertainment booking and productions, exhibit design decorators, medical and first aid services, models, hostesses and talent services, photographers and, of course, hookers.



Independent Corrugated Converters in Houston

"We are living in a very gregarious time."

or the American Medical Association (30,000). With site selection thus limited, those groups often book five, sometimes ten years ahead. If you find yourself in San Francisco during Jan. 26 to 30, 1985, drop in on the National Automobile Dealers Association. Ski Industries America has booked its conventions at the Las Vegas Hilton through the year 2000.

Some conventions are more sought after than others. Wealthy groups like the bankers, the medical associations and the auto dealers (who have a reputation as particularly free spenders) are hotly desired by local convention officials. They can be expected to spend triple the average conventioneer's \$50 daily outlay. New York City went to extraordinary lengths to court and cater to the American Trucking Association this year (see box). Waikiki postponed its Aloha Week parade last October lest the road from the airport be blocked for the 15,000 delegates to the American Bankers Association (who spent \$8 million in one weekend). Less sought after are religious sects, because their followers are often poor as church mice, and federal officials, who must live on the Government's average \$35 per diem travel allowance. In between are teachers' groups which may be frugal but do meet in the industry's relatively slow summer and Christmas vacation months.* The only major

conventions in New York City over the holiday weeks will be those of academic groups like the Modern Language Association and the American Philosophical Association. Says Wayne Dunham of Chicago's Convention Bureau: "These are the days when the poor liberals meet."

Like so much else nowadays, getting together is a big deal. A Major Industry in Itself. Conventions have become serious works of commercial theater, and they are programmed as tightly as a presidential trip. Indeed, for some major conventions, professional meeting planners will prepare detailed scripts, which can run to 300 pages: "Scene, ballroom banquet. 7:25, doors open. 7:40, waiters leave room for invocation. Stage, praying hands appear on movie screen..." Jay Lurye has hired a 120-piece marching band to awaken conventioners for early morning sessions, and provided "pink elephant" breakfasts: a live baby pachyderm sprayed pink stands by while waitresses serve Alka-Seltzer.

There are at least 200 such professional convention consultants in private practice, about an equal number on the staffs

*October is the busiest convention month, followed (in rough order of activity) by May, June, April and September.

Truckin' De Luxe at the Hilton

"I think I've died and gone to heaven," sighed a portly conventioneer at the New York Hilton's Rhineland Gallery. He was not, as the conventional wisdom might suggest, fondling a blond or slurping a Scotch. He was excavating a nut-topped jamoca almond fudge, his choice from 32 cholesteroliferous varieties of ice cream dispensed at a 200-ft. bar by Detroit Diesel Allison during the four-day American Trucking Association's convention in October. The ice cream spectacular, with miniskirted waitresses, straw-hatted scoopers and a candy-striped orchestra, was only one of the multitudinous extravaganzas organized for the trucking-industry executives and their suppliers.

Most of the 6,500 registered guests were affluent, to say the least, and 75% of them came with their wives: prime targets for the jewel thieves who prowled the better hotels. Security had to be beefed up; in addition to the Hilton's regular complement of 70 guards, the A.T.A. provided 35 officers. The New York police department detached some plainclothesmen and mounted patrolmen to monitor the portals. This was something of a departure for the N.Y.P.D., but the convention after all was expected to unload \$3 million a day on the city. Hilton Chief Barron Hilton himself called the A.T.A. convention manager, Vaughn Bonham, to thank him for selecting the Hilton (a choice made almost ten years in advance). For months, suppliers worked on themes for parties to woo the truckers. Cases and cartons and carcasses flowed into the bowels of the Hilton, from the trucks that many delegates owned, as if in preparation for a siege.

Staging a mammoth convention is as much an exercise in diplomacy as



A.T.A. members conferring over ice cream

logistics. Telephone operators, bellmen and maids were given lists of VIPs' names. Since the Hilton could accommodate only 2,400 of the delegates, the less important visitors had to be discreetly dispersed among other nearby first-class hotels. A.T.A. staffers spent 250 hours compiling 2-in. by 4-in. index cards with information on each member and each supplier, his company, even his wife. Thus the planners ensured that at the daily luncheons in the Grand Ballroom, trucking-company executives were strategically interspersed with suppliers' representatives; competitive firms were well separated.

While their wives went to programs for the women's division (Joan Kennedy spoke to them about improving one's self-image), the men attended seminars on such subjects as the potential deregulation of the industry (the owners don't want it) and the tariff problems of heavy carriers. Representatives from all 51 A.T.A. state chapters listened, debated (often heatedly) and took notes. "Our company feels this is a way of life," said

Newton Graves Jr., a vice president of Yellow Freight System, one of the nation's largest common carriers. "We have 15 people and their wives here. I have given each one of them a list of all the meetings we expect them to attend. They better go." Many trucking executives, like Graves, spent a good part of each day discussing new models and products with the manufacturers. He adds: "This is the toughest week I put in during the entire year. It's hard work, hard work."

Well, not entirely. By 4:30 the first evening, the Pullman Trailmobile *the dancier* for 4,000 was in full swing. Thereafter came such perennial draws as the Fruehauf Corp.'s mighty two-night bash, for which they trucked in Count Basie and band, as well as a disco combo, plus dance instructors to help unlimber the foxtrox generation: Thermo King's "Saloon," featuring the Great Jubilee Banjo Band and drawings for a radio-controlled miniature tractor-trailer for someone's lucky kid; and, of course, Mack Trucks' elegant soiree in the Trianon Ballroom, where a giant golden statue of its famous symbol, a bulldog, was displayed on the stage like an Inca god. At each convention Mack gives away 4,000 stuffed bulldogs, each year a little different; they are considered collectors' items. As a host at the Sears, Roebuck disco room celebration said, "It doesn't matter how much it costs. We are here to give our customers a good time. So that when I go out on the road, they know who I am and they say, 'Hey, you had a great party.'"

It was. All of them were. The A.T.A. itself gave the final banquet, featuring Bob Hope (fee for his act: \$45,000). It also gave a luncheon of chicken curry and beef stroganoff for 50 of the hotel staff, which had scooped up perhaps \$100,000 in tips during the four days. That's convention business.

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Living

of major associations. They will write speeches, build exhibits, put on skits with bona fide Equity actors, order food and drink, bribe hotel employees to be especially solicitous, arrange side-trips for spouses—or all of the above, typically for 10% of the meeting's cost. There are also convention specialists on the staffs of major hotels who, like their counterparts in municipal convention bureaus, try to sell gregarious groups into meeting *chez eux*.

Both groups of specialists spend much of their time trying to satisfy the often peculiar demands that conventioners sometimes make. So you want a naked lady to pop out of the cake? No problem. But New Orleans' John Abbott had to come up with two 100-ft. trees for a convention of chain-saw manufacturers to demonstrate their goods. Las Vegas decided to allow 26 aircraft to taxi down Paradise Road from McCarran Airport to the convention center for the Agricultural Aviation show.

Eugene Scanlon, manager of New York City's Waldorf Astoria, was asked by Electrolux to find a live cougar that would roam the ballroom and represent a real "go-getter" to the assembled salesmen. Scanlon declined at first, but relented when Lloyd's of London agreed to insure its depredations. Three elephants at a time in the Waldorf ballroom have presented no problem, and three others are scheduled to be present at the Associated General Contractors convention in Bloomington, Minn., this winter. Sheraton-Waikiki Convention Service Manager Allan Woodrow recalls the day he was asked to accommodate a dead body for a gathering of morticians: it was sneaked in on a ser-

vice elevator so none of the regular guests would become alarmed.

The American Linen Supply Association routinely asks hotels to remove all paper towels from their washrooms while the group is there; the American Dairy Association wants hotel kitchens to follow the association's own dairy-intensive recipes; the National Association of Tobacco Distributors requests hotels to remove all their NO SMOKING signs for the duration. The Mothers of Twins asked the Sheraton-Boston for free baby-sitting services, but the hotel found that request too taxing. Chicago's Lurye says he has bailed conventioners out of jail, taken them to hospitals and, once, had to coax a convention employee to share her oral contraceptives. That latter mission came after Lurye spotted a man hanging over the balcony of an Acapulco hotel screaming, "Help! My wife ran out of birth control pills!"

Your typical convention opens on a Sunday, gently, with late-afternoon registration and an ice-breaker cocktail party.

TED TAYLOR



Farmland Industries guests in Kansas City dressed for a hoedown

Like a plane dropping money into a city for three or four days.

Who said cocktail parties have to be dull? The American Dietetic Association, meeting last fall in New Orleans, added a bit of drama to its opening reception by hiring sword balancers, portrait artists, strolling musicians—48 acts in all. The Mechanical Contractors Association of America, gathered in Beverly Hills last winter, had Hollywood stunt men stage cowboy gunfights, a man walking around on stilts and women circulating in the room dressed as Marilyn Monroe and Shirley Temple.

Most association and company meetings have a theme, something self-evident and mildly inspiring, like "Change Is Our Greatest Challenge."

The Hosts to the Most

In the fierce contest for big-buck conventions, every major city is adding exhibition space, hotel rooms and other facilities. Though these are the meat and taters of convention planning, other factors have to be considered. Among them: accessibility, ambience, restaurants, night life, theaters, museums, shopping, sightseeing, sports and the degree of local cooperation. Thus New York City and Chicago perennially head the Top Ten convention cities in numbers of conventioners and dollars spent, but the jostling runners-up reflect demographic change and civic ambition. The field:

New York is still the Big Apple, with a 1978 record of 875 conventions, 3.75 million delegates, \$600 million revenues. Attractions: 100,000 hotel rooms, 360,000 sq. ft. of exhibition space at the Coliseum, with 750,000 more planned at a new center; culture, cuisine, communications and superstores.

Chicago, the Second City, is about neck and neck with New York: 1,203

conventions and trade shows, 2.4 million delegates, \$515 million revenues. Attractions: 44,000 hotel rooms, 1.1 million sq. ft. of exhibition space at McCormick Place, plus 370,000 elsewhere; opera, theater, museums, restaurants, shopping and a rowdy night life.

Dallas, coming up fast, with 1,189 conventions, 1.6 million delegates, spending \$363 million. Attractions: climate, sports, howdy hospitality.

San Francisco, Everyman's El Dorado, brought in 905 conventions, 804,000 delegates, \$296 million. Attractions: 25,000 hotel rooms, 541,000 sq. ft. exhibition space; museums, opera, symphony, theater, restaurants, cable cars, atmosphere, views, the wine country.

Atlanta, fifth biggest convention capital thanks to two-year-old Georgia World Congress Center, lured 775 gatherings, 800,000 delegates, \$212 million. Attractions: 28,000 hotel rooms, more than 1 million sq. ft. exhibition space, a cordial citizenry, historic sites.

Washington, the serious man's convention site, brought in 850 meetings, 750,000 delegates, \$247.5 million. Attractions: 35,000 hotel rooms, 250,000 sq. ft. exhibition space; museums, monuments, performing arts, political contacts, capital glamour.

Houston, rising Sunbelt center, registered 340 conventions, 630,000 delegates, \$166 million. Attractions: 30,000 hotel rooms, 1.3 million sq. ft. exhibition space, Astrodome, shopping.

Kansas City, heartland magnet, lured 525 conventions, 618,000 delegates, \$133 million. Attractions: 17,000 hotel rooms, 186,000 sq. ft. exhibition space, steak-houses, symphony, shopping.

Las Vegas, tinsel Gomorrah, held its own with 400 conventions, 600,000 delegates, \$225 million. Attractions: 42,620 hotel rooms, 550,000 sq. ft. exhibition space, shows and gambling, what else?

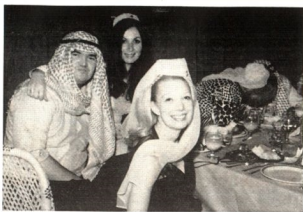
New Orleans, the ageless dowager, hosted 770 conventions, 535,000 delegates, \$139 million. Attractions: 20,000 hotel rooms, 330,000 sq. ft. exhibition space; superb cuisine, Ol' Man River, night life, Superdome, magnolia charm.

Living

or "A Taste of the Eighties." The theme is stated at an opening plenary session, which usually includes some reminder that the attendees are, of course, professionals with higher motivations than individual gain. Then the group moves into smaller rooms, called "breakout rooms" by hotel officials, for discussions of particular topics. Delegates typically reassemble at a working lunch, a late-afternoon reception and a dinner, every day until check-out time. There is a growing tendency to pack convention schedules tightly, for reasons of both productivity and social control; organizers want to keep delegates present and working, not wandering off to see the sights on their own. Says Sig Front, a senior vice president at the Sheraton Corp.: "You're lucky if you have time to read a newspaper."

A good convention, like a good novel, has rising and falling action and a socko conclusion that leaves customers eager to return next time. The International Fiscal Association spent \$20,000 to hire Soprano Leontyne Price, Conductor Arthur Fiedler and the National Symphony Orchestra for the final evening's entertainment. The Hyatt Hotels Corp. offers ten "theme packages" for the concluding blowout, including Monte Carlo night, rodeo parties, an Arabian Nights banquet and a Tom Jones party, in which the ballroom is filled with trees, grass, live pigs, chickens, llamas and a tame tiger, while guests gnaw on turkey drumsticks and slurp wine out of goatskin bags. One group had an Arabian Nights party for its mostly male membership and held an auction of comely young "slave girls." Just as the successful bidders claimed their prizes, however, hotel employees dressed as commandos leaped from the balconies to rescue the maidens.

Despite the best-programmed efforts of convention planners, association executives, sergeants at arms, hotel officials, headwaiters, maintenance men and the army of other major and minor domos needed to conduct a convention, things do go bump in the night. And the morning, and the afternoon. In 1975 the American Bankers Association had planned to introduce its new board of directors on the revolving stage at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall. Each member was to be moved under the spotlight as the stage turned, but the power failed. When the board members were asked to walk around the stage and come under the spotlight one by one, the men, already standing in a circle, turned in different directions and bumped into one another. Slapstick comedy had returned. At a Law Day convention in Portsmouth, R.I., a dozen Boston policemen were discovered cavorting nude in the Ramada Inn pool; unfortunately, the discoverers were a group of visiting parochial school girls led by two nuns. And who can forget the sign that the Las Vegas Hilton hung for a reunion of former Navy aircraft-carrier jet pilots? It should have said



Enjoying an Arabian Nights party at the Chicago Hyatt Regency

So you want a naked lady to pop out of a cake? No problem.

tory business's most important floating job market, and thousands of résumés change hands there each day. "Professionals are like migratory workers," says Sanford Dornbush, professor of sociology at Stanford University. "They move around more than most people, and conventions give them a sense of reunion, a chance to exchange common experiences, an opportunity to recharge themselves before they head back." Said Rick Bozarth, 28, of Watonga, Okla., after attending the annual conference of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association in Washington, D.C.: "I'd come to one of these every year if I could. A lot of defenders and legal aid people burn out after a while because it's such depressing work. It's sometimes good to get away from the situations you see."

The business of conventions is also, still, raising hell. Conventions used to be hard-drinking binges of mindless hoopla wherein grown men behaved like adolescents. That has changed. Conventions today are more often hard-drinking binges of purposeful hoopla wherein grown men behave themselves because they have brought their spouses along. About two-thirds of all male delegates today are accompanied by their wives, and the growing number of women delegates often bring their husbands. Still, though time and opportunities for high jinks are now relatively limited, there is something about four days in another town that brings out the very best and worst in workaday Americans. "People tend to be less inhibited when they are away from home," observes Roy Young, sales director for

WELCOME TAILHOOKERS. It said, WELCOME HOOKERS.

The real work of conventions has always been accomplished in smoke-filled suites, in ballroom corners and anterooms, on couches in the lobby, over drinks at the bar. That is because the real business of conventions, as any rank-and-file registrant will attest, is not formulating industry-wide policies or discussing pressing issues of the day in open session, but gossiping, making contacts, winning contracts or finding a new job. Surely somebody listens to all those scholarly papers read at the American Historical Association convention; however, the meeting is also the history

Atlanta's Omni Hotel. Adds Stanford's Dornbush: "Conventions are occasions when the usual rules break down and people act like jackasses."

The annals of convention behavior are littered with acts of boisterous and irregular behavior: transient infidelities, purloined floral centerpieces, involuntary flights into the swimming pool, impromptu singing contests while the band tries to play, devilishly switched numerals on the doors, morning-after tales of wild excursions to local fleshpots. "For most people, conventions are a



Exhibits at the National Sporting Goods Convention in Houston's Astrodome

"Convention business is like a sleeping giant that has suddenly sprung."



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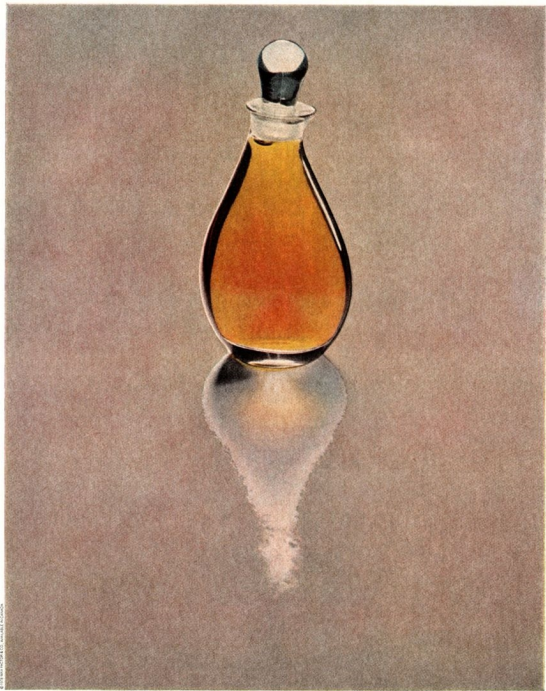
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George Babbitt, Delegate

Conventions are as American as HELLO MY NAME IS badges, loud sports coats, straw hats, brass bands and George F. Babbitt, the Middle American Everyman of his era whose adventures at an annual gathering of realtors filled a trenchant chapter of Sinclair Lewis' satirical 1922 novel *Babbitt*:

They met at the Union Station for the midnight train to Monarch. All of them ... displayed celluloid buttons the size of dollars and lettered, "We zoom for Zenith." The official delegates were magnificent with silver and magenta ribbons.

The meetings of the convention were held in the ballroom of the Allen House. In an anteroom was the office of the chairman of the executive committee. He was the busiest man in the convention; he was so busy that he got nothing done whatever.

The real convention consisted of men muttering in hotel bedrooms or in groups amid the badge-spotted crowd in the hotel lobby, but there was a show of public meetings. The first of them opened with a welcome by the mayor of Monarch. The pastor of the First Christian Church of Monarch, a large man with a long damp frontal lock, informed God that the real-estate men were here now.

The delegations were presenting the claims of their several cities to the next year's conventions ... In the midst of these more diffident invitations, the golden doors of the ballroom opened with a blatting of trumpets, and a circus parade rolled in. It was composed of the Zenith brokers, dressed as cowpunchers, bareback riders, Japanese jugglers ... As a clown, beating a bass drum, extraordinarily happy and noisy, was Babbitt.

Their coats were off, their vests open, their faces red, their voices emphatic. They were finishing a bottle of corrosive bootlegged whisky and imploring the bellboy, "Say, son, can you get us some more of this embalming fluid?"

They were smoking large cigars and dropping ashes and stubs on the carpet. With windy guffaws they were telling stories. They were, in fact, males in a happy state of nature.

He returned to Zenith, his desire for rebellion was partly satisfied. He had retrograded to a shamefaced contentment. He was irritable. He did not smile when W.A. Rogers complained, "Ow, what a head! I certainly do feel like the wrath of God this morning. Say! I know what was the trouble! Somebody went and put alcohol in my booze last night."



Sinclair Lewis



Babbitt in 1934 film

combination of vacation and learning experience," said Armand Seguin of Juneau, Alaska, at last week's American Vocational Association meeting in Dallas. "But this year I've definitely been here on vacation. I'm here to party."

Can the nation go on meeting like this? As entrenched as it has become in the mores, folkways and lower economics of contemporary living, the convention business faces a few hangers-on of its own. One is the National Organization for Women's convention boycott of the 15 states that have not ratified the Equal Rights Amendment. NOW officials say that organizations have yanked \$100 million worth of meetings from non-ERA states, and that its boycott has become one of the most effective pressures so far in the drive to get the amendment passed. Missouri and Nevada are suing NOW on grounds that the boycott is an illegal restraint of trade. Says Eugene Hosmer, president of the 134-city International Association of Convention and Visitor Bureaus: "Business itself is not affected—it just goes somewhere else—but for some cities, the effect has been substantial." Laments Warren Erickson, executive director of the Miami Beach Convention Bureau: "We get two letters a week from national organizations telling us 'no way' can they consider holding their meeting in a state that has not ratified the ERA. It's a shame."

Many hoteliers are less worried about the ERA than the IRS. The new foreign convention tax rule is troublesome enough, but some convention industry officials fear that the Carter Administration may try to extend those restrictions, on grounds that the tax deductibility of conventions is a boondoggle for the relatively well-to-do. A valid point; poor people do not go to conventions much. Frets the IACVB's Hosmer: "It's the whole three-martini lunch idea. They may eventually start saying that a convention delegate can only deduct a portion of his expenses when he's in this country. Any Government restrictions on tax deductions for attending conventions militates against the convention business."

A few professional convention watchers have suggested that, with the spread of swifter and cheaper electronic communication, the convention itself may some day become obsolete. After all, why spend four days in St. Louis when you can summon up all the data you need on your desktop video display terminal, and talk to whomever you want on your WATS line? "In the not-too-distant future people will be able to sit in their homes and watch as well as participate in conventions," says Leo Bonardi, Hilton's eastern regional director of sales. "But to my way of thinking, electronics will never replace the face-to-face meeting or the experience of traveling." Adds Peachtree Plaza's Bill Moyer: "People want the human touch."

That much they certainly get. As any delegate knows, no amount of packaging, commercialization, overscheduling or professional planning can squeeze the raw, sweaty, boozey, friendly humanity out of a convention. Such a celebration is well suited to an age when life has too often been stripped of drama, romance and the sense of limitless possibility. Says Rutgers Anthropologist Lionel Tiger (*Men in Groups*): "The convention is an effort, like the fair of old or the harvest feast, to generalize one's experience, to making something more meaningful of it."

There are other overtones. Says Sheraton's Sig Front: "When somebody from West Virginia sits down at the dinner table with somebody in the same business from Denver and New York and they learn how much they have in common, I think that helps sell a nation. I really do." A convention can be a profession's jungle drums, an industry's family reunion, a young person's rite of passage into the adult world of commercial or professional comradeship. A convention can also be a fresh opportunity to display talent, knowledge, oratorical skill or sales records, to reaffirm one's wealth and worthiness in the eyes of the world. No wonder 26 million Americans this year have hastened to put on their badges, their funny hats and their broadest smiles. Welcome, delegates.

Economy & Business

Big Oil's Pinch at the Pump

Supplies short, prices up and companies have trouble getting the lead out

Bad winter weather usually brings bleak news about the nation's energy supplies, and now it is beginning to seem as if mild temperatures and sunny skies do the same. That, at least, is one way to look at the hooded pumps and OUT OF GAS signs sporadically popping up at service stations around the country.

For the first time since the autumn of 1973, gasoline is once again in short supply—not in the dead of winter, but a week before winter officially begins.

The most acute shortages are of unleaded high-octane gas, but regular unleaded is also scarce. In the past two years, consumption of the unleaded grades has grown dramatically, as federal antipollution laws have forced U.S. automakers to shift to production of cars unsuited for leaded fuels. Lead hampers the functioning of so-called catalytic converters, which remove pollutants like nitrous oxide from auto exhausts. Surging demand for unleaded fuel has driven Shell Oil Co., the nation's largest gasoline retailer, and Amoco Oil Co., the leading producer of unleaded gas, to begin limiting deliveries to dealers. Mobil and other companies are also hard pressed to meet demand.

Shell insists that its shortages are temporary and have been unexpectedly aggravated by the breakdown of a refinery at Norco, La., for 13 days in November. The plant shut just as another Shell complex, at Wood River, Ill., was temporarily closed for routine maintenance. The double trouble cut Shell's output by 10% to 15%.

The Department of Energy, which has to approve all company rationing and allocation plans, maintains that motorists will not have to worry about severe or long-term shortages—unless they panic and start trying to keep their gas tanks full at all times. Warns a top DOE official: "If people get a crisis mentality, we could get a problem that really isn't there." Adds Frank Ikard, president of the American Petroleum Institute: "The thing that I fear most is that the public will think the Shell announcement is the prelude to general rationing. If they do, we could talk ourselves into a panic and wind up with long lines of cars in front of gas stations."

So far, no such trend is developing,

and after six days of providing retailers with only 75% of what they had received during the same period of 1977, Shell was able to ease off a bit last week and increase deliveries to 85% of last year's level. At the same time, however, the company announced that it was seeking permission from the DOE to continue curtailing deliveries until the month's end.

The pinch comes amid spreading confusion about recent price rises for a num-

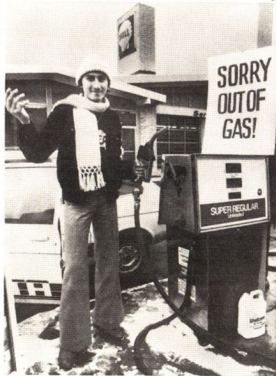
istration's chief inflation fighter, said last week that the Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS) is investigating both the increase in the cost of heating oil and the gasoline shortages.

Oil companies are unavoidably helping to drive up prices by rushing to buy whatever spare crude is available on the world market in advance of OPEC's semi-annual meeting next week in Abu Dhabi. The oil cartel is expected to decide on a

5% to 10% price increase for 1979, perhaps to be phased in during the year. The rush to beat the increase is also pushing up demand for the supertankers needed to haul the crude. Since Labor Day, charter rates for the leviathans have leaped by 150%, adding yet more overhead costs. At the same time, the severe cutbacks in production as a result of the anti-Shah strikes in Iran, the world's second largest oil exporter, are putting still more pressure on supplies.

Big Oil's legions of critics will no doubt find much of this to be disturbingly familiar. During the winter of 1973-74, production cutbacks and the rapid run-up in OPEC prices almost overnight bloated the value of oil company inventories and sent profits surging even as production itself was slumping and the U.S. economy was lurching into recession. This time, however, much of the blame lies directly with the consuming public. In spite of successive appeals by the Carter Administration to take the energy crisis seriously and conserve fuel, motorists have gone along blithely as if burning up gasoline on the nation's highways were the right and privilege of every American. In spite of the fuel-saving national speed limit of 55 m.p.h., gasoline consumption has climbed steadily.

Along with the profligate public, another villain is the Government itself. Unleaded gasolines are in short supply largely because of the crazy quilt of federal regulations, many of them grossly in conflict with each other. Stringent environmental rules severely limiting the amount of industrial hydrocarbons that can be emitted into the atmosphere in most areas of the country effectively block the oil companies from building the new refineries needed for production of unlead-



In Detroit as elsewhere, sad news for fuel-hungry customers

"There is no doubt that we have really screwed things up."

ber of petroleum products, and this is raising questions anew about whether Big Oil is somehow ripping off the public by secretly manipulating markets and supplies. Despite unseasonably warm weather in much of the nation late into the autumn, which kept thermostats down, the price of home heating oil has climbed more than 10% since September. The rises in oil and gasoline prices were the main reasons that the wholesale price index rose in November at an annual compound rate of 10%. Alfred Kahn, the Carter Admin-

ed gas. In addition, oilmen claim that complex pricing controls, enforced by the Department of Energy, often prevent the companies from selling unleaded gas at any price higher than the break-even point. Meanwhile, since 1975, federal clean-air standards have forced automakers to use catalytic converters, and as the new cars are cycled into the fleet, consumption of unleaded gas is rocketing. Unleaded fuel now has more than one-third of the market (see chart) and is expected to reach a full 55% by 1980.

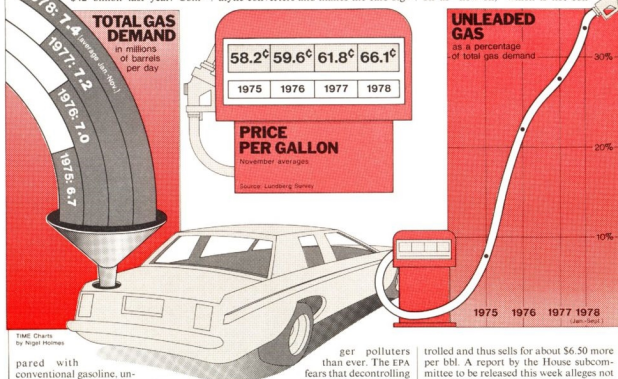
Lead-free gasoline may be good for the atmosphere, but it is not good for much else. About 10% more crude is needed to produce a gallon of unleaded than leaded gas, and that extra margin increases the nation's oil import bill, which once again has begun to grow after showing some brief signs of improving. This year, oil and natural gas imports will swell to \$45 billion, up from \$42 billion last year. Com-

summer to accomplish by the end of 1980, would add an extra 5¢ or 6¢ per gal. to gasoline costs, lifting fuel prices far beyond the President's own anti-inflation limits. These specify that companies keep their price increases $\frac{1}{2}\%$ or more below their average increases of the past two years. Kahn concedes that in the long run the Government will have to let the price of energy go up, but, he says, "the tension between the inflation problem and the energy problem is tearing us apart."

Gasoline decontrol makes sense, but the Environmental Protection Agency wants to bury the idea. EPA officials point out that although gas stations can be fined up to \$10,000 for putting leaded gas into cars suited for only unleaded grades, the drivers themselves are subject to no such penalties. More and more motorists are pulling into self-service stations to tank up with the cheaper and peppier leaded fuel, even though doing so ruins their catalytic converters and makes the cars big-

making and selling it. Air pollution regulations for industry must also be relaxed enough to allow oil companies to build the additional refineries that are needed to do the job. If Congress and the Administration feel that doing that is asking too much, auto emission standards themselves will have to be eased substantially. Indeed, the only other choice would seem to be chronic and enervating gasoline shortages for years to come.

Gasoline shortages are far from the only problem facing the DOE. For months Michigan Democrat John Dingell's House Subcommittee on Energy and Power has been investigating charges that some small to middle-sized oil companies have been fraudulently inflating profits by hundreds of millions of dollars by cheating on crude oil price controls. The key charge: the companies took "old oil," which is price controlled, and passed it off as "new oil," which is not con-



pared with conventional gasoline, unleaded fuel is more expensive to make, costs more at the pump, and gives a lackluster performance under the hood.

But unleaded gas is what federal regulations require, and the Department of Energy wants to stimulate production. To do so, it has drafted a proposal for decontrol of all gasoline prices, and last week the Administration announced that the President would send a decontrol bill to Congress in mid-January. Decontrol would immediately add up to 4¢ per gal. at the pump, on top of perhaps a 1½¢ increase as a result of the expected OPEC price rise. In addition, decontrol of domestic crude oil to bring prices up to world levels, which Carter pledged in Bonn last

summer to accomplish by the end of 1980, would add an extra 5¢ or 6¢ per gal. to gasoline costs, lifting fuel prices far beyond the President's own anti-inflation limits. These specify that companies keep their price increases $\frac{1}{2}\%$ or more below their average increases of the past two years. Kahn concedes that in the long run the Government will have to let the price of energy go up, but, he says, "the tension between the inflation problem and the energy problem is tearing us apart."

Clearly something has to give. It is folly for the U.S. to rely increasingly on an inflation-fueling, energy-wasting gasoline that federal price controls and environmental regulations are discouraging the oil industry from producing. If the nation wants to continue its growing use of unleaded gas, Washington must permit the companies a reasonable profit from

ger polluters than ever. The EPA fears that decontrolling prices will merely widen the gap between the cost of leaded and unleaded gas and encourage more drivers to skirt the law that requires unleaded in new cars. Says one DOE official about the panoply of contradictory regulations: "There is no doubt that we have really screwed things up."

A parallel probe is also under way by the Justice Department and a federal grand jury in Houston, and indictments are expected early next month. Among the companies under investigation are Uni Oil, Inc., Coral Petroleum Inc. and Armada Petroleum Corp., all of Houston, as well as Denver's Summit Gas Co., whose owner, Marvin Davis, a major independent wildcatter, tried unsuccessfully to buy the Oakland A's baseball team for \$12.5 million last year.

Economy & Business



AMC's lifeline, four-wheel-drive Renegade model



Willie and Joe Creator Mauldin and friend in Italy in 1945

Money Machine

The Jeep's macho image

Brigitte Bardot adores hers. Pete Rose just bought ten of them, kept one for himself and gave nine as gifts. Object of their affections: the Jeep. World War II's workhorse has been transformed into a macho-chic machine that is leading the boom in the four-wheel-drive auto market.

The biggest fan is Gerald C. Meyers, 50, chairman of American Motors Corp., which bought manufacturing rights to the Jeep from Kaiser Industries in 1970. Though the company lost an estimated \$65 million on its conventional cars for the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, AMC still posted a \$36.7 million profit on sales of \$2.6 billion. Most of that black ink comes from Jeeps.

This year AMC will sell some 150,000 of them to U.S. buyers, plus 25,000 abroad, giving its Jeep division 31% of the domestic sports-utility market—a term covering relatively small four-wheel-drive vehicles designed for off-road use. Running second is Chevy's Blazer with nearly 24% of the market, followed by Ford's newly revamped Bronco with 21%. Next year U.S. automakers expect to produce 1 million four-wheel-drive vehicles. The field has become so attractive that even Mercedes plans to enter with its own four-wheeler by next summer.

Sales began to take off in the early 1970s along with the growth in popularity of outdoor recreation in the U.S. Because the sporty vehicles have high ground clearance, and power that is delivered to all four wheels instead of only two, they can go just about anywhere: along sandy beaches, through fields and over snow-covered roads. Industry experts puzzle over estimates that owners of the specialized machines spend less

than 10% of their driving time off the road, but it seems clear that they are taken with an image. The bulky, rugged vehicles are usually decked with roll bars, high-intensity driving lights, giant tires, formidable grille guards and CB antennas. Four-wheel-drive cars first gained popularity in the West with the off-road set, but now they are driven by housewives and businessmen—and they are seen everywhere, often making the perilous journey to the supermarket.

This is a world away from the battlefields of World War II, when a generation of G.I.s depended on the frill-free G.P.s (for general purpose, and hence Jeep) that could growl through rivers of mud and over impossible obstacles. General George C. Marshall called the Jeep



"America's greatest contribution to modern warfare," and the infantryman developed a love affair with his Jeep that was sketched by Cartoonist Bill Mauldin in his Willie and Joe series.

Somehow that personal relationship survives today. Jeep buyers seem undaunted by the \$12,000 starting price of AMC's new top of the line Wagoneer Limited, which has almost every luxury-car feature and for which there is a long

waiting list. Sales of the least expensive \$5,000 C.J. (for civilian Jeep)—a doughy, roofless runabout that is a direct descendant of the wartime model—have never been brisker. Rising gasoline prices have not deterred buyers, although industry sources say the Jeep fleet averages about 11 m.p.g. But federal authorities have directed that four-wheel-drive fleets must achieve an average 15 m.p.g. by 1981. That will be tough for AMC, which will have to spend a bundle on engineering.

Still, the tempo is upbeat and Jeep is looking for new conquests abroad. Says Meyers: "Venezuela is a good market and we're expanding there. Mexico is a small but pregnant market, and Africa is just sitting there—waiting for Jeeps."

Risky Hand


Gambling stocks lose luster

Since it opened on Memorial Day weekend, Resorts International's casino in Atlantic City, has been a greenback gusher, grossing \$119.3 million—a take bigger than that of any Nevada gambling house. But last week it seemed as if the well might run dry. New Jersey Attorney General John Degnan issued a 115-page report urging that Resorts be denied a permanent gambling license when its temporary permit expires Feb. 25.

Resorts President I.G. ("Jack") Davis attacked the report, contending that it is a reshuffle of old, unfounded charges. It accused the company of ties to organized crime, faulty accounting, inadequate information about gambling junkies and the purchase of a key employee's silence with a ten-year, \$350,000 consulting contract.

On the American Exchange, Resorts had been a *Wunderstock* that had risen as high as \$69.50 a share this summer. But after the report came out, it dropped almost eight points, closing the week at \$23.62. The shares did not take more of a drubbing because even a negative ruling from the Casino Control Commission, which plans to begin hearings next month on granting Resorts a permanent license, could put several hundred million dollars in the company treasury. If Resorts lost its license, a state-appointed "conservator" would sell the casino and turn over the money to Resorts. The sale price would probably be at least twice as much as the company's \$40 million investment in the gambling palace.

The problems of Resorts stand to hurt other gaming companies that are planning to open casinos in Atlantic City. Applicants will now get especially close and careful scrutiny, and many openings will be delayed. This may well put a temporary crimp in the earnings and stock prices of such companies as Bally, Caesars World and Golden Nugget. As for Resorts, the betting on the Boardwalk is that the commission will vote as it has in the past: 4 to 1 in favor of a license.



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Economy & Business

Europe's New Money Union

Six countries bring forth an odd creature called ecu

It was a shaky birth, but a birth nevertheless. In Brussels last week, six of the nine members of the European Community agreed to tie together their currencies—and, to some extent, their economies—in one big monetary union.

Beginning Jan. 2, the governments of West Germany, France, the Benelux nations and Denmark will start taking steps to ensure that their currencies move up or down, more or less, in unison. In addition, the members created a new form of money, the European Currency Unit, or ecu. For now, at least, the ecu will not be paper money used by the man in the strasse to pay his bills, but simply a book-keeping device for Europe's central banks to settle debts with each other.

The idea of a currency union has been around since the European Community started in 1957. What advanced it now was the recent decline of the U.S. dollar, which has unsettled Europe's money and hurt E.C. economies. Every time the dollar dropped against the strong German mark, it also dropped—less so—against most of Europe's other, not-so-strong currencies. This caused annoying changes in the exchange rates between countries. Export trade was slowed because businessmen had to calculate and recalculate prices, and multinational companies postponed transborder E.C. investments because they could not forecast investment returns easily in their own currency.

The prime mover behind the latest plan for monetary union was West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who was especially unhappy at the threats to his country's exports and the general economic instability caused by the slumping dollar. Schmidt enlisted the help of French President Valéry Giscard d'Es-

taing to convince other E.C. leaders that it was time to act. He argued that "a zone of monetary stability" was necessary to revive lagging economic growth, slow inflation and make Europe immune from the dollar's malaise.

At Franco-German insistence, the E.C. countries agreed in principle last July to try to link their currencies tightly. It was decided last week that each currency would be assigned a set value against all the others and would be allowed to fluctuate only 2½% above or below this point. In theory this should create a "zone of monetary stability."

Under the system, if any member country's currency rises or falls out of this narrow band, its government will be obliged to adjust the price and pull it back in. A country can do this by buying or selling its own currency on international markets. If it needs money to do this kind of buying, it can borrow from a new fund. To set up the fund, each member country will contribute about 20% of its gold and dollar reserves, or a total of up to \$32 billion. The fund will be denominated not in marks, francs or dollars but in the new European Currency Units—ecus.

This scheme sounds as grand as it is complex, but it falls short of being a true European monetary system. Not all the E.C. countries will participate. Britain, Italy and Ireland backed out, at least for now, because they feared they might have to spend too much and accept overly harsh austerity policies to support their currencies, which are weaker than the mark. As their price for participation, they wanted more loans and grants from richer E.C. countries. In fact, Italy and Ireland may still decide to join before the new system starts next month. Britain will stay out at least until after next year's election, but it supports the program in principle and promises to try to hold the pound within the desired band.

The U.S. officially endorses the monetary union as an important step toward the integration of Europe. In the short run the plan should help the dollar. Reason: European governments will usually not sell dollars in attempts to lift their own currencies and that will relieve downward pressure on the greenback. Instead, these countries will sell other European currencies.

In the longer term, however, members of a united Europe might increase trade more with themselves than with the U.S., and a strong, viable ecu ultimately might rival the dollar as a real reserve currency. If that ever happens, Arab and other foreign governments might be tempted to sell dollars in order to invest in that odd new creature that has six parents—the ecu. ■



Rexton Sato and his profitable peels

Offbeat Exports

Small entrepreneurs do well

As founder and president of World-Wide Sires Inc. of Hanford, Calif., Willard Clark has an occupation that would stump the old *What's My Line?* panel: he sells bull semen. Acting as a broker for nine artificial-insemination cooperatives, Clark ships the frozen semen of prize U.S. bulls (mainly Holsteins) to more than 40 countries, including the Soviet Union. Now Clark is looking to China, where he also hopes to hog the market for swine semen. His business is only seven years old, and he expects sales this year to reach \$5 million.

Clark is only one of many small, imaginative entrepreneurs who are successfully pushing a wide variety of U.S. exports. Hurdling problems of language, complex export red tape and trade barriers that have daunted bigger U.S. businessmen, the new entrepreneurs are shipping some unusual products abroad.

Trees from the Angelica Nurseries in Kennedyville, Md., will soon be planted for shade and beauty on the wide boulevards of European cities. When Europe's nurseries were unable to meet the high demand for the large-leaved, pollution-resistant trees of the London plane variety, Angelica's owners, Thomas J. Kohl and his three sons, saw their chance. From their 1,000-acre tree farm this year, they sent 5,000 sycamore hybrids to Hamburg at \$24 to \$30 each and expect to ship as many as 10,000 next year.

Rexton Corp. of Los Angeles buys leftover orange peels from Sunbelt and ships them to Tokyo to be used in making marmalade, soy sauce and whisky. Katsumi Sato, the Japanese-American owner of



Giscard and Schmidt at the summit

Now their currencies will move in tandem

Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Pied Piper for Industry

Jobs. Increasingly through the Western world echoes the poignant cry: we need more jobs.

Jobs for all the baby-boom kids leaving the schools, for the women deserting the kitchens, for the unemployed clogging the dole rolls. And more and more, people realize that jobs, if they are to be permanent and fulfilling, must not be government make-work but the product of private investment.

It is an instructive irony that the country that was for so long at the bottom of the heap in job creation is now so close to the top. The country is Ireland; its method of generating employment is to lure private investment, mostly from the U.S.; and its Pied Piper for industry is a former Gaelic football and hurling player, Michael Killeen. He is a man of Donegal, that scenic but tragic county in Ireland's west that sent so many of its youth to America (including four of Killeen's uncles and aunts) because they could not find work. Today, at 50, he heads Ireland's Industrial Development Authority, which has transformed the economy of that long-tormented country.

In the nine years that Killeen has been the cajoling chief of IDA, more than 175 U.S. companies have started manufacturing in Ireland. Industrial investment, primarily from the FORTUNE 500 but also from Australia, Japan and Ireland's Common Market partners, is doubling every four years. The foreign

companies' exports are rising even more rapidly. Largely as a result, economic growth in Ireland this year will be Western Europe's highest: 6.5%. Unemployment is also a high 9% but bucks Europe's rising trend and is generally expected to fall to 4% in the early 1980s.

Surely other societies cannot—or would not want to—emulate the example of a compact, English-speaking nation of 3 million that has relatively low wages and remains backward in many respects. Still, this Cinderella country can offer the rest of the world some lessons.



Ireland's Michael Killeen

First, advises Killeen, make industrial development a national commitment, a cause that will attract the society's brightest minds. Every country has its high-spirited elite. In some it is the marines, in others the entrepreneurs or professors or civil servants. In Ireland it is the IDA, which gets its pick of

the university graduates. After a few years they can parachute into richer jobs in business, but most stay because it is a calling.

Second, Killeen continues, give companies plenty of incentive to expand and export. Those settling in Ireland get government cash grants for building, training, research. Export profits are tax-free. Taxes on domestic profits are reduced from the normal 54% to 25% for companies that expand and create jobs. Says Killeen in his light brogue: "Corporate taxes in Ireland have been insignificant because, until recently, we didn't have much to tax."

Third, create conditions for companies to earn, and guarantee them freedom from government intervention or expropriation. As Killeen puts it: "We don't have a class-struggle mentality or a soak-the-rich attitude because we haven't had many rich. But we're very much an ownership country. The vast majority of people own their own homes or farms." Ireland claims to be one of the few countries that guarantee the right to private property in their constitutions and really mean it.

But not the right to protection against failure. Unlike many nations, Ireland does not bail out inefficient, failing companies. Of course, most succeed. For U.S. branches, the return on capital in Ireland is 28.5%, which is half again as much as American firms earn in West Germany, and almost four times as much as in Britain.

Because they put such a priority on enterprise, the Irish people will enjoy some unusual gifts this Christmas. Jobs are being created so fast that the 150-year-old hemorrhage of forced emigration has been stopped; no longer can it be said that Ireland's greatest export is men. The population is rising for the first time in modern history. Irishmen are returning home from distant lands. And a most remarkable development is occurring: at current growth rates, the Irish standard of living—based on production per capita—in 1980 will surpass that of once mighty Britain.

Rexton, investigated the budding Japanese market for orange peels last year, liked what he saw and went into the business. Sato expects to earn close to \$250,000 next year. He is looking into two other exports for Japan: shark fins for soup and jackets from the Los Angeles Police Department, popular with teen-agers.

Geraldine Waterbury of Gridley, Calif., turned to farming after raising a family and has just produced the largest crop yield of kiwi fruit in the state's history—15 tons per acre. She markets them at \$2 per lb. to the Japanese, who consider the fuzzy fruit a rare delicacy. Tom O'Toole, a Detroit tinkerer, has invented a single-cup coffee brewer that he has begun to market to the Japanese. Next he will send them his production molds, which are priced at \$90,000 and produce up to 15,000 brewers a day. Tolona Pizza Products of Chicago sells more than 500 tons of pizza ingredients a year to the Japanese and the Europeans. In Skokie, Ill., Anixter Bros. Inc. is supplying the Saudis with \$15 million worth of indestructible shelters that double as shipping containers.

These relatively small exports will not balance the U.S.'s \$30 billion trade deficit. But they add up, and they help. Most important, the sales show that Yankee traders can indeed crack the foreign market—if they show a little ingenuity. ■

Easing a Sting

By changing inflationary laws

Because the public now recognizes that the Government is the inflator of first resort, President Carter is considering changes in two inflationary federal laws:

The minimum wage law. A bill passed last year lifts the minimum wage from \$2.65 an hour to \$2.90 on Jan. 1, to \$3.10 in 1980 and to \$3.35 in 1981. Some White House aides think if the 1980 and 1981 increases were eliminated for younger workers—most likely those 21 and younger—as many as 450,000 jobs might open up for them. Carter will get strong opposition from union leaders, who argue that the change would tempt employers to replace unskilled adults with teen-agers.

The Davis-Bacon Act. This law is more likely to be changed than the minimum wage. Davis-Bacon forces contractors working on federally aided construction projects to pay workers at the "prevailing" local wage. But, in administering the act, Labor Department officials often seek guidance only from local union chiefs, who quote the highest wage in the region. The White House is considering advising the Labor Department to become more objective and include some nonunion wages in its calculations.

Carter will continue to be under public pressure to restrict or remove more inflationary laws. Says a top Administration adviser: "It will all come down to Carter's readiness to fight labor." ■

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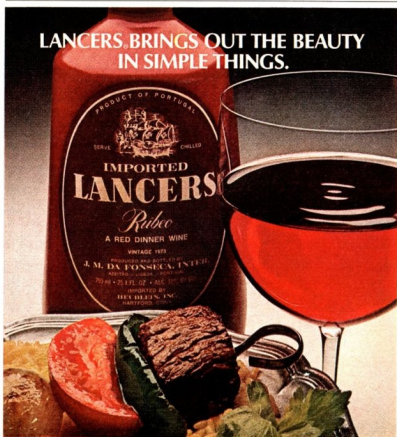
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Environment

The Tale of Two Rivers

A success in Britain, but a nightmare in California

Along its shores stand the Houses of Parliament and the Tower of London. Only a few miles upriver are the meadows of Runnymede, where the barons extracted the Magna Carta from King John. The Thames is indeed England's Royal River, but it has not always been treated royally. Long a favorite garbage dump, the Thames' tidal waters near London had become so foul by the 17th century that James I threatened to move his court to Windsor. Then came two events that turned the river into what Victorians called a "monster soup": the Industrial Revolution and the closing of London's cesspools (following the introduction of the flush toilet). By 1859, wastes had made the Thames so ripe that disinfectant-soaked sheets were hung in the windows of Parliament to protect the members from disease and the stench.

Though turn-of-the-century sewage control projects provided temporary improvement, they could not keep pace with the swelling population. After World War II, efforts at purification were set back further: detergents and other chemical effluents left the lower Thames covered with foam, literally choking the river to death. Deprived of oxygen, one fish species after another vanished. River passengers became ill from the rotten-egg aroma of hydrogen sulfide rising from the polluted waters.

Now, after a long, patient battle that could serve as a model for river cleanups everywhere, the waterway is again becoming the "sweet Thames" of British poets. No fewer than 97 varieties of fish have resumed residence there. Back too are the famed swans, as well as less common birds such as the pochard, a type of duck, and the dunlin, a sandpiper. In March, the Thames Water Authority will begin restocking the upper reaches of the tidal Thames with what the agency's boss, Hugh Fish, calls the "most persnickety of fish"—the Atlantic salmon.

The tide slowly began turning for the



Fishing on the Thames near Tilbury
Parliament hung out the sheets.

Thames in 1951. That was the year of the Festival of Britain, a national celebration marking the centennial of the Great International Exposition of 1851, which gave hundreds of thousands of visitors to London a whiff of the gamy river. Properly embarrassed, the government appointed two study committees. The result: a comprehensive plan for pollution control that recommended, among other things, a halt to the use of nonbiodegradable detergents and to the dumping of industrial chemicals into the river. The planners also urged the construction of private treatment plants by factories producing wastes that could not be handled at municipal facilities.

The 1964 Rivers Pollution Act made



Posted warning along California's foul New River near town of Calexico
Even hard-nosed health officials were appalled.



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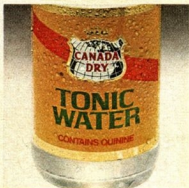
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Environment

compliance with many of these recommendations a matter of law, calling for fines of £100 (now about \$200) for violations. Few businessmen felt intimidated by that paltry penalty, but industry cooperated. Besides the \$400 million spent by the water authority for pollution control, private firms have paid out upwards of \$200 million for their own treatment plants. Is there a reason for this extraordinary and costly cooperation? Says a water authority spokesman: "The fortuitous thing about the Thames is that it runs beneath the nose of Parliament."

Some waterfront residents feel that official claims about the cleanliness of the Thames are somewhat overblown, but even they acknowledge that the river is less polluted than at any time within memory. Betty Potts, who lives aboard a houseboat, notes that when a workman fell into the river three years ago, he was quickly rushed to a hospital to have his stomach pumped out. Now, she says, "I don't think the water could do you in."

While the Thames cleanup is cheering British environmentalists, the case of California's New River is becoming something of an international scandal. When it crosses into the U.S. from Mexico at the town of Calexico, it is so loaded with filth, ranging from parts of animal carcasses to human feces, that even hard-nosed health officials are sickened by the sight and odor. Says Dr. L. Lee Cottrell, health officer of California's Imperial County: "It may not be the dirtiest river in the country, but I can guarantee you there is none dirtier."

The root of the problem is Mexicali, just across the border from Calexico. In only a generation, it has grown from 25,000 to a city of 700,000 people. But its municipal facilities have not kept up. Mexicali uses the New River as well as the nearby Alamo as all-purpose sewers for everything from toilets to slaughterhouses. After the New River leaves Mexico with its vile cargo, it meanders for about 55 miles through California's agriculture-rich Imperial Valley before emptying into the Salton Sea, center of a popular recreation area.

Fearful of the possible spread of such diseases as hepatitis, typhoid and dysentery, California officials have been pressuring the Mexicans through the U.S. State Department to begin treating the raw sewage. But so far little effective action has been taken, and the frustrated Californians have posted warning signs at the rivers: WATER POLLUTED and AGUA CONTAMINADA. That is hardly news to local residents. Says Cottrell: "Our people here stay away." But he is worried about the illegal aliens who regularly cross the rivers as well as the increasing number of visitors from San Diego, Los Angeles and other areas who come to ride dune buggies in the desert and sometimes—unwittingly—risk their health by wading in the foul water.

Music

The Pick of the Holiday Season

Some Christmas gift suggestions, from Debussy to Devo

CLASSICAL

Beethoven: Missa Solemnis (Soprano Anna Tomova-Sintov, Alto Patricia Payne, Tenor Robert Tear, Bass Robert Lloyd, London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Colin Davis conductor, Philips; 2 LPs). Under Davis, Beethoven's great Mass moves majestically from the solemn opening *Kyrie* to a troubled *Agnus Dei*, in which timpani and trumpets dramatically evoke man's troubled state, before the Mass ends on a serene note. The performance is both spiritually and musically intense, and the chorus sings like the heavenly hosts.

Puccini: Madama Butterfly (Soprano Renata Scott, Tenor Plácido Domingo, Baritone Ingvar Wixell, Philharmonia Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Lorin Maazel conductor, Columbia; 3 LPs). *Madama Butterfly* is one of opera's most endearing and enduring heroines. Scott makes a warm Butterfly; she effortlessly holds the almost whispered high notes of her *Un bel di ari*. Domingo's Pinkerton is such a hearty fellow that it is hard to hate him.

Sing We Noel: Christmas Music from England & Early America (The Boston Camerata, Joel Cohen director, Nonesuch). **Charpentier: Messe de Minuit pour Noël; Sonate à Six** (The Boston Camerata, Joel Cohen director, Desmar). The album of folk-inspired Christmas music, a welcome change from today's homogenized carols, ranges from a 12th century Latin tune, *Ad cantus leticie*, to a rousing *Gloucestershire Wassail* from modern Britain. Marc-Antoine Charpentier's Mass, based on French Christmas carols, is a graceful work, and the voices of The Boston Camerata are perfectly balanced.

Debussy: Préludes, Vol. 1 (Pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Deutsche Grammophon). Any recording by the reclusive Michelangeli is an event. His Debussy is almost transparent. Light seems to flicker and dance throughout, creating moments of incandescent beauty. The carefree *Les collines d'Anacapri* and the

erie stillness of *La cathédrale engloutie* are special joys.

Richard Strauss: Salome (Soprano Hildegard Behrens, Mezzo Agnes Baltsa, Tenor Karl-Walter Böhm, Baritone José Van Dam, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan conductor, Angel; 2 LPs). With Karajan, the orchestral music comes first, even in opera. Here he conducts a vibrant, sensuous performance of Strauss's lurid opera. Behrens as Salome may lack the cruel edge of Birgit Nilsson's performance on London. But Behrens' pure voice contrasts chillingly with Salome's lust, while Van Dam's ringing Jochanaan is a saintly counterpart in a savage world.

Beethoven: The Complete Piano Sonatas (Pianist Alfred Brendel, Philips; 13 LPs). The 32 sonatas, which explore every facet of the keyboard, are an Olympian effort for a performer. Brendel, a meticulous scholar and flawless technician, concentrates on incisive detail rather than drama. If such sonatas as the *Appassionata* lack grandeur, one can still admire the impeccable musical lines.

Bartók: Sonata for 2 Pianos and Percussion. Stravinsky: Concerto for 2 Solo Pianos; Sonata for 2 Pianos (Pianists Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky, Percussionists Christoph Caskel and Heinz König, Deutsche Grammophon). The violent harmonies and rhythmic twists of Bartók's 1937 sonata are still harshly exciting; Stravinsky's 1935 concerto is austere but relentlessly driven. The Kontarskys' diamond-sharp tone makes other versions sound mushy by comparison.

Bernstein: The Three Symphonies, Chichester Psalms (Soprano Montserrat Caballé, Mezzo Christa Ludwig, Pianist Lukas Foss, Vienna Choir Boys, Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conductor, Deutsche Grammophon; 3 LPs). This definitive Bernstein collection, with its cast of hundreds, confirms what Bernstein himself once said: all of his works are in some way really theater music. The trilogy's theme is modern

man's crisis of faith, but Bernstein's eclectic style is far more dramatic than spiritual. Foss's playing in the *Symphony No. 2* and Caballé's singing in the third stand out, and Bernstein conducts with his usual volatile energy.

Bach: French Suites (Harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt, ABC [Seon] Classics; 2 LPs). These six suites, composed of various dance movements (stately minuets, lilting gavottes, etc.), are a maze of racing musical lines and intricate rhythms. Leonhardt plays them with a flourish, showing off the glories of Bach's harpsichord music.

Verdi: Otello (Soprano Margaret Price, Tenor Carlo Cossutta, Baritone Gabriel Bacquier, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Vienna State Opera Chorus, Sir Georg Solti conductor, London; 3 LPs). (Soprano Renata Scott, Tenor Plácido Domingo, Baritone Sherrill Milnes, National Philharmonic Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus, James Levine conductor, RCA; 3 LPs). These recordings of Verdi's masterpiece stand up well against the Karajan competition—and each other. Levine's is more immediate and vivid; the instruments are as sharply defined as the voices. Solti opts for a rich orchestral sound that rides beneath the singers. Price's angelically soft Desdemona has the edge over Scott's blunt reading. The tenor and baritone roles are a matter of personal choice: Domingo's Otello is lyrical and impetuous, Cossutta's darkly vibrant. As Iago, Milnes has the firmer voice, but Bacquier is more cunning.

—Annalyn Swann

POP

Van Morrison: Wavelength (Warner Bros.). During a career that has lasted well over a decade, Van Morrison has made two, maybe three albums that rank high among the finest of all rock 'n' roll. *Wavelength* is good enough to stand close by Morrison's best work, a record of sinuous, sensuous magic. The man just can't be beat.

The Clash: Give 'Em Enough Rope (Epic). The British New Wave still breaks with considerable force. The Clash makes music fierce enough to raise welts, scary enough to keep you looking over your



shoulder. Features tunes like *Tommy Gun* and *Julie's in the Drug Squad*; unsuitable for caroling or any other seasonal sing-alongs.

Keith Jarrett: Sun Bear Concerts (ECM/Warner). Improvised fantasies by the soaring lyricist of the jazz piano. A ten-record set, beautiful and exacting and a touch toplofty by turns, stunningly packaged to grace the coffee table while the records do their duty on the turntable.

Devo: Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo! (Warner Bros.). Rock satire that works. Devo is a band of crafty loonies who play at being harbingers of a bleary future when the human species is sliding back down Darwin's scale. *Space Junk* and *Uncontrollable Urge* are among Devo's marching songs for "de-evolution"; they are also a rich source of silly fun.

Wings: Wings Greatest (Capitol). A collection of jaunty, well-groomed Paul McCartney tunes, all featuring melodies that can soothe or make you smile at the composer's easygoing pleasure. Yes, the lyrics can turn smarmy, and yes, the music sounds pretty contented. But McCartney slips in a mickey every now and again (as in *Hi, Hi, Hi*), and if he is far from a resolute rocker, he has little serious competition as a pre-eminent pop composer.

Billy Joel: 52nd Street (Columbia). McCartney's competition. Home-grown and nurtured on big-city streets, Billy Joel sings spiky ballads and ornery anthems about bitches, grifters and bozos on the make. Pop with a punch.

Al Stewart: Time Passages (Arista). Easygoing voyages into the fantastical by a British rocker who treads lightly. Maybe too lightly; but songs like *A Man for All Seasons* (yes, it's about Sir Thomas More) and the title cut have a wistful, unassuming delicacy that will mightily appeal to any college sophomores in the family as they fret over their first submission to the literary magazine.

Johnny Cash: Gone Girl (Columbia). Much the best Johnny Cash album in years, and a necessary reminder that country music doesn't have to be slick to get sentimental, doesn't have to bluster to hang tough. An album full of surprises: some topnotch Cash originals; a country cover of the Stones' *No Expectations*; a little lyrical autobiography; and a 3½-min. *Bildungsroman* called *The Gambler*, in which the worldly title character hands down a little useful guidance to the youthful narrator: "Every hand's a winner/ Just like every hand's a loser/ And the best that you can hope for/ Is to die in your sleep."

Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes: Hearts of Stone (Epic). The rave-up record of the season, a terrific broadside of roadhouse rock 'n' roll performed at white heat by Singer Southside Johnny Lyon and the hard-driving Jukes. The album includes a couple of original Bruce Springsteen tunes and a stunning ballad, *Light Don't Shine*, by Steve Van Zandt. Save *Hearts of Stone* for New Year's, then kick out the jams.

—Jay Cocks

Theater

Autumn Leaves

THE KINGFISHER

by William Douglas Home

Some plays would be rushed directly from the stage to an intensive-care unit were it not for a massive transfusion of star power. This season has offered several examples. *First Monday in October* and *Tribute* promptly expired with the departure of their respective stars, Henry Fonda and Jack Lemmon. Alexis Smith is giving nightly resuscitation to *Platinum*. And but for the sly insinuating charms and stylish expertise of Rex Harrison and Claudette Colbert, *The Kingfisher* would swiftly be recognized for the plucked Broadway turkey that it is.

This is a tale of Old Boy meets Old Girl, but does Old Boy lose Old Girl again? Cecil (Harrison) is an English novelist and knight who lives in autumnal bachelor ease at his country house with the aid of a loyal valet, Hawkins (George Rose), who is not above discreetly reprimanding his master or sampling his port. Into this Eve-less Eden strolls the recently widowed Evelyn (Colbert). It's not the first time. Fifty years before, the same majestic tree that spans the garden had seemed the arbor of true love to Evelyn and Cecil, but he lost her to a stuffy rival. He tries to kindle the sere and yellow leaves of that romance, but, for the bulk of the evening, nothing comes of it.

Harrison, Colbert and Rose lend the static scene a picture-book grace, render fitfully amusing lines as if they had been minted by La Rochefoucauld, and are never so tactless as to reveal that, dramatically speaking, their oxygen supply has been cut off.

—T.E. Kalem



Harrison and Colbert in *Kingfisher*

Same time, next century.



Richard Hamilton in *Buried Child*

Crazy Farm

BURIED CHILD

by Sam Shepard

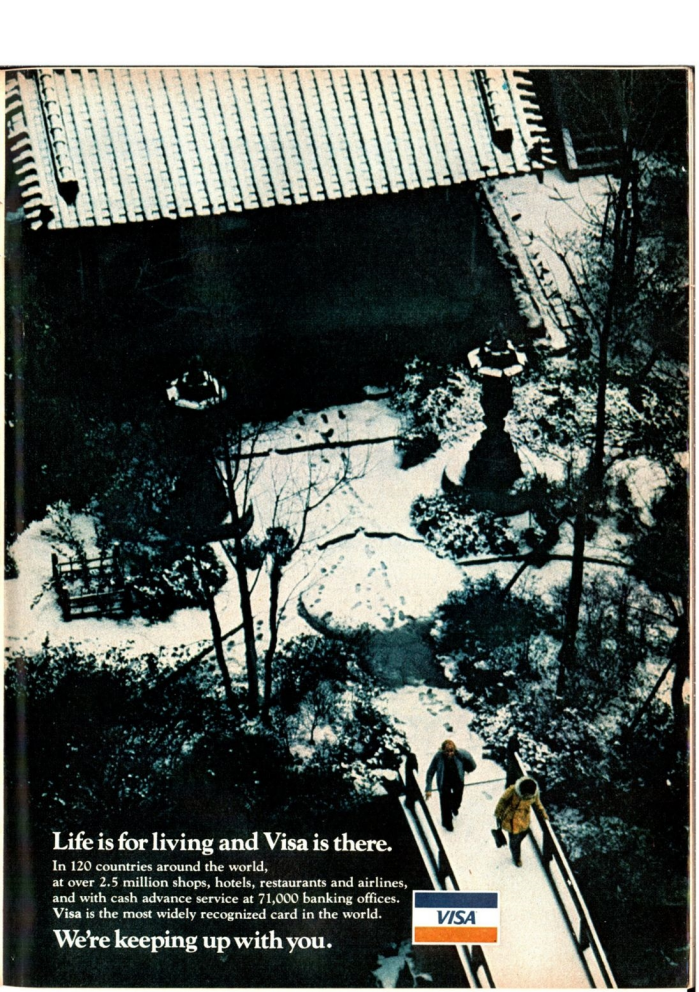
If plays were put in time capsules, future generations would get a sharp-toothed profile of life in the U.S. in the past decade and a half from the works of Sam Shepard. His theme is betrayal, not so much of the American dream as of the inner health of the nation. He focuses on that point at which the spacious skies turned ominous with clouds of dread, and the amber waves of grain withered in industrial blight and moral dry rot.

This may sound doom-laden, but the plays are redeemed by irrepressible freshness of surreal humor. *Buried Child*, now at off-Broadway's Theater de Lys, concerns itself with a zany Illinois farm family. Dodge (Richard Hamilton), the grandfather, is a prickly relic whose security blanket is the whisky bottle under it. His wife Halie (Jacqueline Brookess) is the voice of the nag incarnate. The eldest son Tilden (Tom Noonan) is laconic, even for a neo-Neanderthal. For him, the barren fields yield armfuls of corn and carrots, which are duly shucked, sliced and nibbled onstage.

For comedic menace, very much in the Peter vein, there is the homecoming of the grandson Vince (Christopher McCann), who returns unrecognized after a six-year absence. The family's horrific secret emerges when Tilden unearths a baby's black mummified body, his incestuous offspring by Halie, drowned in infancy by Dodge. With the family purged of this infamous act, the farm will presumably thrive under Vince.

This crazy house is not all that crazy. Shepard links his characters, however kinky, to the blood consciousness of D. H. Lawrence, to mythic forces that defy the intellect yet stir primal fears and lusts. The cast is exemplary, paced by Hamilton's Dodge, a blistered shadow of Lear on a parched prairie heath.

—T.E.K.


An aerial photograph of a winter scene. A large, light-colored tiled roof of a building is visible in the upper left. Below it, a snow-covered path winds through a park with bare trees. Two people are walking away from the camera on the path. The overall tone is cold and serene.

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Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Making the Unbelievable Believable

Was it the ingenuity of a press secretary, aggressive tactics by the police or self-restraint among press photographers that spared newspaper readers and television viewers the sight of the dead bodies of San Francisco Mayor George R. Moscone and City Councilman Harvey Milk? No: the coroner got there first and sealed up the rooms. Readers could be grateful nonetheless, so soon after being subjected in vivid detail to the carnage in Guyana.

After the first wave of social scientists, explaining how such cults can mesmerize their followers, come social scientists examining the degree of morbidity in press and public interest. More than a difference in numbers divides the killings in San Francisco and the 900 deaths in Guyana. Two public officials murdered by a disappointed office seeker may not be a common occurrence, but it is a credible one. Guyana needed more than reporters' descriptive words to establish the truth for readers. Only the gruesome photographs brought confirming proof of the astonishing numbers of the dead.

Dictators have always understood the accusatory power of photographs. The vast unphotographed domain of the Gulag archipelago became reality in Western minds only through the frenzied memory and meticulous detail of Solzhenitsyn. Reports of Hitler's death camps were repeatedly denied until photographers were able to fix forever in the mind the piles of corpses at Auschwitz and Dachau. Cambodia may have endured the cruellest slaughter of a people since Hitler's time, but the evidence had to be pieced together from the individual accounts of fleeing Cambodians. The events they describe overlap, so that estimates of the dead vary widely and thus lack credibility. Without the witness of photographs in this age of the camera, the enormity of what has happened can only be guessed at and has yet to be comprehended by the rest of the world.

Your Pompous Honor. Chief Justice Warren Burger has no love for the press, and the press no love for him. The press thinks he imperfectly understands why it needs First Amendment freedoms and suspects him of carrying on a Nixonian vendetta against the press. Still, it's hard not to feel some sympathy for the Chief Justice when reading this summary of an "investigation" of him in Jack Anderson's column:

"Our investigation turned up a number of disturbing facets of Burger's character, some previously reported and some not—but all of which we confirmed. Put together, they reveal a complex, often contradictory individual: rigidly conservative, obsessively secretive, pompous, condescending, manipulative and possessed of a hair-trigger temper.

"Burger clearly does not understand what a free press is all about..." That should make a free press clearer to the Justice.



Timeswoman Klemesrud

The Naked Truth. "Backstage with *Esquire*" is one of those columns about the magazine's contributors that seek to prove what trendy spotters its trend spotters are. *Esquire* carries the story, "The Year of the Lusty Woman—It's All Right to Be a Sex Object Again." As whomped-up pieces go, it's relatively modest, confining its thesis only to a year, not to a decade, as in Tom Wolfe's overhyped *Me Decade*. The author is described as Judy Klemesrud, "an avowed feminist and veteran New York *Times* reporter." How wide the phenomenon of the lusty-again woman is, and how detached an observer of the trend Klemesrud is, gets called into question, however, when "Backstage with *Esquire*" goes on to note: "Klemesrud is sending out Christmas cards this season that bear a striking photograph of her lying face down on a fur rug, stark naked."

Milestones

DIED. William A. Steiger, 40, genial, dynamic, six-term Republican Congressman from Wisconsin: of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A native of Oshkosh, Steiger served for six years as a state assemblyman before winning election to the U.S. Congress at age 28. A self-described moderate Republican, he co-sponsored the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, helped launch the volunteer Army, and this year proposed cutting the maximum capital gains tax from 49% to 25%. Despite opposition from President Carter, Steiger's colleagues eventually set the maximum tax rate at 28%.

DIED. George S. Brown, 60, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (1974-78); of cancer; at Andrews Air Force Base, Md. A 1941 graduate of West Point, Brown became a pilot in the Army Air Corps and, among other missions, helped lead the celebrated low-level B-24 bombing raid on the oil-

fields of Ploesti, Rumania, in 1943. He was director of operations for the Fifth Air Force during the Korean War, served as military assistant to the Secretary of Defense (1959-63), and in 1968 became responsible for the U.S. air war in Southeast Asia. In 1973 President Nixon made him chief of staff of the Air Force and one year later appointed him to his last post. A blunt man with a compulsion to speak his mind, Brown caused a storm of protest when in 1974 he criticized Jewish influence on U.S. foreign policy.

DIED. Samuel A. Goudsmit, 76, Dutch-born atomic physicist and amateur Egyptologist; of a heart attack; in Reno. In 1925, while enrolled in the University of Leiden, Goudsmit and Fellow Student George E. Uhlenbeck determined that an electron spins as it orbits the nucleus of an atom, a discovery that helped explain how atoms have magnetic properties. Two years lat-

er, he emigrated to the U.S., and during World War II served on a secret European mission to investigate German progress toward the atomic bomb.

DIED. Golda Meir, 80, Premier of Israel from 1969 to 1974; from complications of lymphoma; in Jerusalem (see WORLD).

DIED. Harry Winston, 82, showy Fifth Avenue gem merchant who sold \$175 million worth of precious stones annually; of a heart attack; in New York City. A jewelry salesman from age 15, Winston became one of the world's largest diamond dealers by outbidding competitors for famous stones like the Jonker and Hope as well as by producing cheap engagement rings wholesale for Montgomery Ward. His refusal to be photographed, ostensibly to avoid being recognized and possibly robbed, only increased his visibility in business.

Medicine

The Body May Be Best

A lifesaving alternative to the kidney machine

For Ron Morgan, 36, of Macon, Mo., the future looked bleak. A victim of diabetes since childhood, he developed a common complication two years ago, permanent kidney failure. Ordinarily, that would have meant drastic changes in Morgan's life-style. To ensure his survival, it would have been necessary for him to drive the 65 miles from his parents' farm to the medical center in Columbia several times a week. There he would be hooked up for hours at a stretch to a kidney machine that would purge his body of poisonous wastes. Yet, in spite of his life-threatening ailment, Morgan continues to lead an active life, helping his father run the farm. Sometimes he even does

CAPD's secret? The wastes are filtered out not by the kidneys or a man-made substitute, but by another part of the body: the thin membrane lining the abdominal, or peritoneal, cavity and covering the organs that jut into it, including the stomach, liver, spleen and intestines, as well as the kidneys. To make this area accessible, doctors cut a small permanent opening just below the navel, then implant a tube that leads through the peritoneal membrane and into the cavity itself.

From there on, after about a week's training the patient can take over himself by attaching to the tube a small plastic bag containing two liters (about two quarts) of a special solution similar to the

new bag of fluid is attached, and the procedure is repeated three times more at four- to eight-hour intervals every day. While the blood is being cleansed, patients can do just about anything. Morgan has even gone deer hunting.

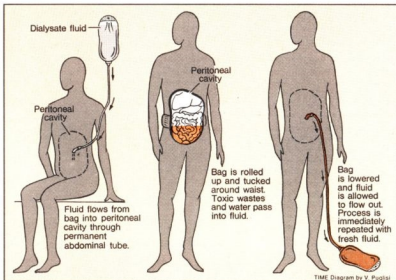
Peritoneal dialysis is not for everyone who suffers kidney failure. Some object to the prospect of a permanent hole in the abdomen. Others are not fastidious enough; the dialysate bags must be handled with extreme care to avoid dangerous abdominal infections. Still, peritoneal dialysis has important advantages. CAPD's developers, Chemical Engineer Robert Popovich and Nephrologist Jack Moncrief, both of Austin, Texas, point out that it is simpler and, except for infections, less risky than using a kidney machine at home. A patient, for instance, can safely sleep through the procedure without the risk of bleeding to death if a tube is disconnected. Also, CAPD puts less strain on the heart, since no blood ever leaves the body, and this is preferable for some people with cardiovascular problems.

So far fewer than a hundred of the nation's almost 45,000 dialysis patients use CAPD. But that is likely to change. A year's dialysis at a kidney center now costs some \$25,000 a patient; the dialysis bill for the nation as a whole, which is footed by the U.S. Government, totals \$1 billion a year. By contrast, the tab for a CAPD patient is only about \$8,000 a year, and is likely to drop as the technique becomes more popular. Says Nolph: "We have here one of those rare circumstances in modern times where something is not only potentially better, but cheaper. That combination doesn't happen very often."

■ ■ ■

Even while this new method is being developed to treat kidney disease, thousands of Americans may be unwittingly bringing it upon themselves. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Drs. Thomas Murray and Martin Goldberg of Philadelphia's Martin of Pennsylvania Hospital report that as many as 5% of all instances of kidney failure in the U.S.—some 8,000 new cases a year—may be caused by common over-the-counter and prescription analgesics. The usual culprit: a mixture of aspirin and either phenacetin or acetaminophen, ingredients found in many well-known painkillers as well as the APC (aspirin-phenacetin-caffeine) tablets handed out wholesale by some military and industrial dispensaries.

In their study, Murray and Goldberg found that 20% of patients with interstitial nephritis (a major form of kidney disease) had histories of excessive long-term analgesic use. Most were women 35 or older who took analgesics for recurrent headaches or backaches. Concludes Murray: "Pain relievers work. But people who take too many may only be relieving one kind of discomfort to cause another."



such strenuous chores as chopping wood, herding cattle and baling hay.

Morgan is one of the several hundred beneficiaries of a promising new form of dialysis, or blood purification for kidney patients. Its name is awesome: continuous ambulatory peritoneal dialysis, CAPD for short. But its effect is simplicity itself. It totally frees patients from long, wearying sessions on the kidney machine. They can walk about, work and perform daily tasks while their blood is being cleansed. Dr. Karl Nolph, Morgan's nephrologist, or kidney specialist, calls CAPD the closest thing yet to a completely portable internal artificial kidney: "It functions continuously, maintains steady conditions in body chemistry, and requires no machinery, electricity, blood-thinning drugs or any of the other paraphernalia of conventional hemodialysis."

dialysate, or blood-cleansing fluid, used in kidney machines. The patient raises the bag to shoulder level or above, and the fluid flows down into the abdomen, bathing the peritoneal membrane, which contains many small blood vessels. The tube is then clamped off, and the patient folds up the empty bag into a neat package that he wears beneath the clothing at the waist.

Inside the abdominal cavity, a complex chemical movement, as in conventional hemodialysis, slowly begins. Toxic wastes and water from the bloodstream pass through the peritoneal membrane into the fluid. The process is allowed to continue for about five hours. Then the patient unwraps the empty plastic bag, lowers it to the floor, releases the clamp and lets the waste-laden fluid drain out of the abdominal cavity. Subsequently, a

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BE CHOOSEY

Sport



Christmas Comes Early for Pete

The Reds' Rose of summer breaks free and makes a mint

It was a grand tour the likes of which had not been seen since young gentlemen of means packed steamer trunks and set off by luxury liner to sample the rich life on the Continent. The *bon vivant* strode around a stud farm discussing bloodlines and conjuring up breeding programs for the stallions of his fancy. He dined on Welsh rabbit at a lush country estate, pondering a new business deal with each course. Hobnobbing with titans of industry, he discussed ventures in pharmaceuticals, breweries and public relations.

A young Rockefeller making the rounds of his father's friends? No, Peter Edward Rose, 37, third baseman extraordinary, tour guide and head auctioneer of the most remarkable free-agent sale in baseball history. So well did Rose peddle himself that the former Cincinnati Reds star moved to the top of the list of baseball's new millionaires last week, signing a four-year contract with the Philadelphia Phillies for about \$3.5 million. That would make him, at \$875,000 a year (or \$5,400 a game during the regular season), the highest paid baseball player in history, surpassing San Francisco Pitcher Vida Blue, who reportedly could earn up to \$800,000 next year. Rose also zooms past San Francisco's O.J. Simpson, the aristocrat of pro football (\$733,358), and Denver's David Thompson, pro basketball's top banana (\$750,000).

Actually, Rose could have been even richer. Atlanta, Kansas City, St. Louis and Pittsburgh offered fatter deals than Philadelphia. But Rose was friendly with some Phillies stars and wanted to stay in the National League so that he could chase down Stan Musial's record of 3,630 career hits (Rose now has 3,164), and he fancied the Phils' billiard-slick artificial

turf, which will help his ground balls whiz past infielders. Perhaps most of all, he delighted in the challenge of making the talented also-rans of a town of renowned losers into a winner. Proclaimed Charlie Hustle: "I think I can put them over the top. The team needs leadership."

His new contract was certainly good for Rose, but was it good for baseball? Since the practice began in 1976, free-agent proceedings that allowed Rose to put himself on the market have been be-moaned by owners as the potential ruination of the game. The owners claimed free agents would destroy baseball because the rich teams would buy up all the good players. Since 1976, a total of 65 free agents have signed contracts worth upwards of \$60 million. Some teams have benefited, those that did not only well but wisely. Spending some \$10 million on free agents, the New York Yankees have received good value from the likes of Slugger Reggie Jackson, Pitcher Catfish Hunter and Fireball Reliever Rich Gossage. But in general the free agents have not scrambled the standings; the strong are still strong, the weak still weak.

This year the Yankees were at it again, buying up Red Sox Pitcher Luis Tiant and Dodger Pitcher Tommy John. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn notes that five teams have signed 53% of the free agents and warns that "inevitably this process will develop a group of elite teams." Actually, a few elite teams have long dominated the game. Still, the haves as well as the have-nots are worried about where free-agency is leading baseball. Says Yankees President Al Rosen: "We're on a tragic course. Salaries have got out of hand. The system has got to change." Who's to blame? Angels Ex-

ecutive Vice President Buzze Bavasi has a frank answer: "We give it to them. We can't complain too much. The players are a lot smarter than we've been."

Since the free-agent system began, salaries have nearly doubled, as owners signed players to fat contracts to prevent them from jumping ship. A journeyman today could be earning \$95,000. But the money continues to flow in to pay the salaries. The majors this year drew 40,636,886 customers, a 36% jump since 1976 and a 76% increase during the past decade. The 26 major league teams also cut up \$94 million in network television revenues, plus banking whatever they could earn from local stations.

What is more, many owners at their annual meeting last week in Orlando, Fla., backed a proposal that would make their coffers even fuller by creating three divisions in each league to replace the current two. The winners of each division, plus a wild-card team picked on the basis of its record, would stage a two-round play-off for the pennant, instead of the present one-round showdown. The change would further despoil the classic simplicity and suspense of the pennant race, but harvest millions more in TV loot. The owners are expected to vote on the plan next year.

Pete Rose, for one, scoffs at the notion that his fight for money has eroded the game, and understandably he has little pity for owners. When his batting average dropped to .284 in 1974, the first time below .300 in ten seasons, the Reds tried to cut the salary of the home-town hero by 20%. It was the first salvo in a bitter fight that ended last week with Rose pulling down a Phillies cap over his page-boy. Rose also knows he can sell a lot of tickets for the Phils to cover his salary. Says baseball's leading entrepreneur: "I feel like I'm the No. 1 player, and I just want to get paid like it."

People

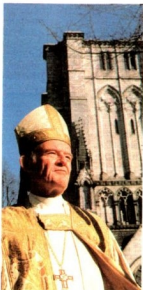
The world's largest Gothic cathedral is not in France. It sits on Morningside Heights in Manhattan and after 86 years is still unfinished. Construction stopped on the Episcopal Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine at the outset of World War II and was never resumed; church leaders thought it improper to spend money on bricks and mortar in the face of poverty and social crisis in nearby Harlem. But last week Bishop **Paul Moore Jr.**, 59, announced a change of policy: building will start again in June. "Confrontation, picketing and burning down are not the order of the day," says Moore, who is widely known as an activist priest. His "edifice complex," as churchmen dub it, will use a very special construction crew. Workers will be hired from Harlem and trained to cut stone in the medieval fashion under tutelage of a master builder imported from Britain.

"Jean Paul Belmondo doesn't consider himself a sex symbol." This intelligence comes

Belmondo serves up a new film



from **Raquel Welch**, presumably an expert on the subject; she once acted with the French star in *L'Animal*. Nevertheless, Belmondo's charm leaves millions of Frenchwomen *à bout de souffle*. In *Flic ou Voyou*, Belmondo's latest film, he plays a cop disguised as a gangster and gets entangled in fist-fights. In more civilized moments off the set, Belmondo brushes up on his tennis. Even a non-sex symbol needs a touch of love.



The bishop and his cathedral

The author of *Crazy Like a Fox* and *Chicken Inspector No. 23* and the maestro of words such as wattles and dottle, boffin and horriploting was surely up to the challenge. **Sidney Joseph Perelman**, 74, faced the Chinese author of a drama titled *We Will Always Remember Our Beloved Premier Chou En-Lai* at a literary luncheon in Peking. Thanks to many *mao-tais*, nobody lost face. The humorist had flown to Peking after driving from Paris to Hong Kong in his 1949 vintage MG. On arrival, a bout with bronchitis landed the peripatetic Perelman in a Peking hospital. When he saw the bill for his seven-day stay—\$100—he treated his Chinese doctor to a pearl of wisdom: "Raise the rate!"

That wet suit may be a bit clummy, but **Farah Fawcett-Majors** is willing to take the plunge. She always was the athletic Angel, and now Majors is getting to do all her own stunt work for her latest film, *Sunburn*. As Model Ellie Morgan, hired to help Private Eye Charles Grodin investigate an insurance swindle in Acapulco, she steers a car at breakneck speed through a bullring and fights off a gang of thugs under water. During the filming, stunt men got their signals crossed and pulled Majors beneath the surface before she had secured her breathing tube, nearly drowning her. But with it all, she is delighted at 31 to submerge herself for the first time in a serious movie career. "I'm a late developer," says Majors. Photographers may not agree.



Majors suits down in *Sunburn*



Moore and Pei in front of whale (or monster) at Dallas' city hall

Is it a bird? A plane? No, it's a "whale coming out of the water," says **Henry Moore**, 80, of his latest free-form sculpture. Architect **I.M. Pei**, 61, thinks it looks more like "the Loch Ness monster." This artistic debate took place at the unveiling of the 27,000-lb. bronze in front of Dallas' new city hall, designed by Pei. "Until this arrived," Pei said, "I felt something was missing." A few spectators, however, thought something was still amiss. "Is this a junkyard?" asked one. Moore was undaunted. "People shouldn't immediately expect to cotton onto something someone else has been thinking about much, much longer," he says. "I mean, they don't understand Einstein."

On the Record

Robert Byrd, Senate majority leader, after playing the violin in Jerusalem: "I am the Isaac Stern of the U.S. Senate."

Suzi Park Thomson, onetime aide to retired House Speaker Carl Albert and reputed agent of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency: "I'd like to run for Congress, so Korean Americans have a voice."

Yousuf Karsh, portrait photographer: "The loneliness of great men is part of their ability to create. Character, like a photograph, develops in darkness."

Cinema

Christopher Walken goes hunting in the Allegheny hills before taking off for Viet Nam in *The Deer Hunter*

In Hell Without a Map

THE DEER HUNTER

Directed by Michael Cimino; Screenplay by Deric Washburn

Mere sex and violence are not enough to make films shocking any more. Truly shocking movies are those that use sex and violence to push the audience to some new and uncharted psychological frontier. That is what happened in *Last Tango in Paris*, where Bertolucci used raunchy sex to challenge the conventions of romantic love; it is also what happened in *The Godfather*, where Coppola used gore to undermine the sanctities of the American family. Though imperfect, Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter* is as powerful as those bombshells of the early '70s. This excruciatingly violent, three-hour Viet Nam saga demolishes the moral and ideological clichés of an era: it shoves the audience into hell and leaves it stranded without a map.

Such is Cimino's fresh perspective that *The Deer Hunter* should be an equally disorienting experience for hawks and doves. This is the first movie about Viet Nam to free itself from all political cant. It contains no antiwar characters at all; its prowar characters are apolitical foot soldiers, not fire-breathing gook killers. The film is as far removed from *Coming Home* as it is from *The Green Berets*. Cimino has attempted to embrace all the tragic contradictions of the U.S. intervention in Southeast Asia.

Those contradictions are embodied by the movie's two principal characters, Michael (Robert De Niro) and Nick (Christopher Walken), steel-mill workers from Clairton, Pa., who go off unquestioningly to fight for their country. In the film's first hour, set at home, Cimino presents his buddies sympathetically as average men with traditional values: their lives are defined by work, family, church and a love of sport. What happens subsequently to Michael and Nick in Viet Nam is a paradigm of what happened to the U.S.

Tested by an insane war, the good old American values become warped. Michael proves a hero, but the emptiness of his heroism leaves him dissociated from ordinary life when he returns home. Nick succumbs to madness and drugs. The two pals are Hawthorne's Dimmesdale and Chillingworth gone berserk. One man's strong will to survive becomes the other's will to commit suicide; a nation's manly mission turns into a self-inflicted wound. The director leaves the assignment of blame to historians.

Cimino, 37, broke into movies as a writer for Clint Eastwood. After directing the promising *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, he spent four years on various scripts before joining forces with De Niro on *The Deer Hunter*. Here Cimino creates a portrait of the war that beggars logic and is boundless in terror. An early Viet Nam sequence, in which imprisoned Americans are forced to play Russian roulette by their Viet Cong captors, is one of the most gut-wrenching ever. With Peter Zinner's virtuoso editing, an agonizing sound track and Vilmos Zsigmond's fiery cinematography, Cimino creates a beastly carnival

of death even before brains are splattered across the screen. His portrait of South Viet Nam, from the infernal chaos of Highway One to the noisy decadence of Saigon, is no less harrowing. Throughout the film, Cimino draws visual parallels between the grimy blue-collar town of Clairton and the mess America created in Asia, until finally America and Viet Nam seem to share a single bastard culture. This surreal device reaches brilliant fruition when the film re-creates the fall of Saigon: in the holocaust the city starts to resemble a Western ghost town.

Perhaps Cimino's boldest move is the use of Russian roulette as a recurrent image. The game that we first see as a Viet Cong torture later shows up as a sport conducted by warring South Vietnamese in smoky Saigon back rooms. Besides serving as an expressionistic picture of the capital's profiteers, the roulette game becomes a metaphor for a war that blurred the lines between bravery and cruelty, friends and enemies, sanity and madness. Unfortunately, other conceits in *The Deer Hunter* damage the film. A first-hour wedding ceremony, designed to establish the tribal rites of Clairton, is absurdly repetitive. The portentous sequences of the men hunting deer back home turn a literary device into a cliché.

There can be no quarrel about the acting. De Niro, Walken, John Savage, as another Clairton pal who goes to war, and Meryl Streep, as a woman left behind, are all top actors in extraordinary form. But the film's ending, in which the major characters spontaneously sing God Bless America at a funeral breakfast, may give audiences some pause. The moment is powerful, all right, but does one laugh or cry? It is hard to do either. Like the Viet Nam War itself, *The Deer Hunter* unleashes a multitude of passions but refuses to provide the catharsis that redeems the pain.

—Frank Rich



Robert De Niro

Vietnamese storm the U.S. embassy during the fall of Saigon



'700 Club' TV show host Pat Robertson: He went to Yale to be a lawyer. Now he works for the Supreme Justice.

At 48, the perennial boyish grin is framed by a thick shock of brown hair flecked with grey. Benevolently soft-spoken, his delivery is tempered with the quiet authority of a man who has seen mountains moved.

Pat Robertson hosts the 700 Club, a 90-minute daily talk show offering an unusual blend of music, interviews and news with celebrity Christians, exercise experts, and a parade of happy guests determined to share the advantages of the Christian lifestyle.

Marion G. "Pat" Robertson, Christian TV luminary, corporate marvel, head of the Christian Broadcasting Network, spiritual intercessor for thousands, is an unlikely host for a TV show dealing in modern-day miracles.

Son of a U.S. senator from Virginia, Phi Beta Kappa at Washington and Lee, Yale Law School graduate, Robertson was to be the manor born.

His mother, intensely prayerful, "interceded by the hour that her son would come to Christ," Robertson tells. That conversion happened when Robertson was in his mid-twenties, a year out of law school, when he was smugly convinced that God's ministers wore suitscoats that didn't match and ate hamburger with boiled turnips. The change was dramatic as Robertson sought "a close walk with God" during a 3½ year period of austerity. At one point, to his wife Dede's consternation, he gave away all his family possessions and moved wife and children into a roach-infested slum tenement.



Pat Robertson makes a strong case.

Then, in 1959, the Robertsons arrived in the Tidewater area of Virginia with the mission of creating a television ministry. He purchased a rundown UHF television station and, "on faith and prayer," went on the air with the country's first all Christian station.

Several years later came the 700 Club TV show, ingeniously funded when Robertson sought 700 people to contribute \$10 each toward a then \$7000-a-month budget to keep the station on the air. Today that original group of "700 Club partners" has expanded to thousands who support the daily broadcasts.

Pat Robertson indeed has a gift. He can prayerfully reach through the television screen to touch people's lives, halting acts of suicide, wife-beating, even murder. In one case a man holding a loaded pistol ready to kill his wife flipped on the TV set to cover the gunshot. He was stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Robertson pointing at him saying, "Sit down. I want to talk to you!"

For the bed-ridden, confused, hurting and lonely, Pat's soothing words of spiritual comfort have been the catalyst for miraculous transformations.

When something good happens, people want to talk about it. The 700 Club is a forum for such good news. Daily,

thousands of letters pour in reporting how lives have been changed through the broadcasts.

While the 700 Club is on the air, viewers are invited to call in and talk with a staff of counselors standing by with a prayer and a kind word. The response has been so great that 30 cities have 700 Club counseling centers open around the clock to receive calls.

Through 7000 dedicated counselors, Pat Robertson multiplies himself over and over again. "We are people caring for people. Every caller has a special need. We listen, and we pray that Jesus Christ will meet those needs in a very real way," Pat explains.

The 700 Club appears to be using the oft-maligned mass medium of television for person-to-person Christianity, with positive results.

Besides the million-plus phone calls a year to the 700 Club, viewers send in some 2 million letters annually requesting prayer. Each day, between 5,000 and 10,000 pieces of mail must be read, prayed over and answered, according to Robertson.

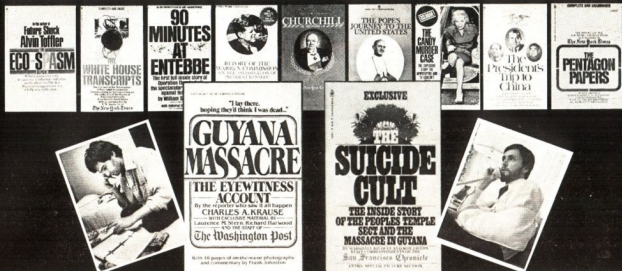
When pressed to explain the overwhelming success of the 700 Club, Pat Robertson, with a characteristic boyish chuckle, cryptically says, "Prayer." On that the Yale law graduate rests his case.

WATCH THE TV SHOW THAT CHANGES LIVES

WITH HOST PAT ROBERTSON

*The 700
Club*

CHECK YOUR TV LISTING FOR TIME AND STATION.



A sampling of "Instant" book jackets. Inset left: Krause in a Washington, D.C., hotel. Inset right: the wounded Javers

Books

The "Quickie" Phenomenon

Written in captivity, printed in a hurry

"All books are divisible into two classes," noted John Ruskin in 1865, "the books of the hour, and the books of all time." He would have been surprised to find his declaration taken literally. Only eleven days after the ghastly events in Guyana had been disclosed to the world, two paperbacks with \$2.50 price tags hit the stands: Bantam's *The Suicide Cult* and Berkley's *Guyana Massacre*. Produced by teams of journalists, the "instant" books, as they are known in the trade, feature photographs, background chapters on the Peoples Temple and first-hand accounts by reporters who had accompanied Representative Leo Ryan on his fatal journey.

For Bantam, the production of a paperback original in just over a week was nothing new; *The Suicide Cult* was its 64th extra (among others: *The Pentagon Papers*, *90 Minutes at Entebbe*, *The Pope's Journey to the United States*). No sooner had a Bantam senior editor learned of the murderous assault on Ryan and his party, via a 2 a.m. phone call from Bantam's publicity representative in San Francisco, than the wheels were set in motion. By Monday, Bantam's Editor in Chief Marc Jaffe was on the phone with San Francisco *Chronicle* Managing Editor William German, even then beginning to piece together the eyewitness story described by *Chronicle* Correspondent Ron Javers, who was wounded at the scene.

Javers had filed his initial report to the *Chronicle* from San Juan, P.R. A day later, while he was recovering from surgery at the Andrews Air Force Base hos-

pital outside Washington, a Bantam editor was on the phone proposing a deal. Within hours, the *Chronicle* had assembled a team of 15 reporters to work with Javers and Co-Author Marshall Kilduff, who had been investigating Peoples Temple activities in California for two years.

In New York, meanwhile, at least two dozen staffers were collecting photographs and readying the machinery of production. The book was written in roughly four days, arrived in New York by courier on a Sunday, was copy-edited and flown to a Nashville plant to be set, and then rushed to Chicago, where the first 650,000 bound copies rolled off the presses at 4 p.m. on Wednesday. Said Co-Author Javers: "It was like writing a book by remote control."

Charles A. Krause, the Washington *Post*'s South American correspondent who had escaped from the Port Kaituma ambush with a superficial bullet wound, managed to join the pool of reporters that returned to the Jonestown site with Guyanese authorities. He was filing from his hotel room in Georgetown when *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin C. Bradlee recalled him to Washington. There Krause holed up in a suite at the Madison Hotel and began working. "It was sort of like Georgetown," Krause recalled. "I was being held captive." At first dictating his recollections and later doing his own typing, Krause assembled his account in five days, while *Post* Editors Laurence Stern and Richard Harwood filled in the background. Their book went on sale the same day as Bantam's.

The question remains: Are these "quickies" merely commercial ventures for publishers, or do they represent responsible efforts to record and interpret dramatic world events? Profits, it so happens, are likely to be marginal, given the extra shipping, printing and overtime costs that result from speeding up production. In the case of Bantam's Guyana special, these costs amounted to a high five figures. A majority of instant books break even, but some—notably *The President's Trip to China* and *The White House Transcripts*—were financial failures, with returns as high as 60%. *The Pentagon Papers* was their biggest success, with 1.66 million in print. "It is a high-risk venture," admits Stuart Applebaum, Bantam's publicity manager. Rena Wolner of Berkley is more blunt. Says she: "It's crap shooting."

Nor does money appear to be the main incentive for authors—though CBS has already made a deal with the Washington *Post* team. Advances are modest by paperback standards; Krause received some \$40,000 up front, to be divided among three collaborators.

Considering the journalistic haste with which they were assembled, *Guyana Massacre* and *The Suicide Cult* are solid documentaries. "It isn't War and Peace," admits Harwood, co-author of the Berkley book. Krause and his co-authors offer more sophisticated speculation about the psychological motives for Jonestown. One of the chapters is entitled "Scoop," a reference to Evelyn Waugh's satiric novel about journalists who cover an elusive crisis in a backward country. "A friend told me I would never write a book without a gun to my head," said Krause. Perhaps more editors and publishers should arm themselves. ■

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TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS

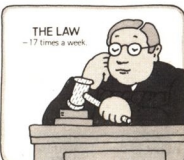
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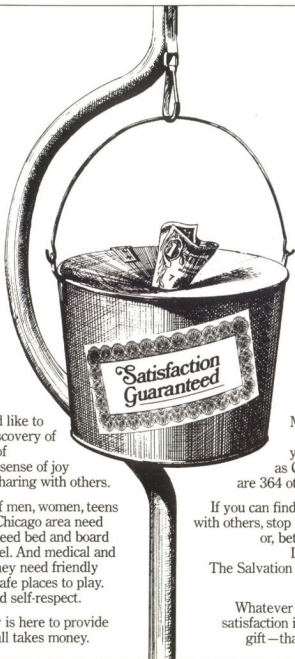
LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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WBBM/CBS Newsradio 78

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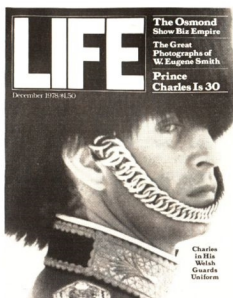


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Books



John Updike

White Mischief

THE COUP

by John Updike

Knopf, 298 pages; \$8.95

Like a hermit crab, John Updike inhabits old but serviceable forms: the novel, short story and light verse, the Christian church, a duly consecrated marriage (his second) and a 19th century Massachusetts farmhouse. Both the artist and the man have discovered the vital irritants and ironic satisfactions of the familiar and traditional. His body of work grows with impressive regularity. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and a fixed star at *The New Yorker*. Yet many critics have called him irrelevant, accused him of having nothing to say and proffered the supreme left-handed compliment, "uncommonly readable."

Updike had his turn in *Bech: A Book*, a satire about literary politics and pretensions. At the same time he acceded to the practical need for bestselling popularity with *Couples* and prepared to meet relevance. He did, in 1971, by slipping a black-power radical into the pages of *Rabbit Redux*. He was not alone. Saul Bellow and even the reticent Bernard Malamud felt compelled to explore in fiction their feelings about those other, threatening Americans.

In *The Coup*, Updike widens the horizons of this exploration. In effect, he puts on black face and tap dances with breathtaking agility and grace through the contradictions of culture clash and leadership in a revolutionary African nation. The mythic Islamic country of Kush resembles France's former real estate in West Africa, with a touch of Haile Selassie's Ethiopia.

This land "of delicate, delectable emptiness," named for a vanished biblical kingdom, is also rife with American influence. Racial mixing can produce beautiful results; cultural miscegenation tends toward ludicrous juxtapositions. The snap of bubble gum is heard in the Koran school. Fashionably oversize sunglasses

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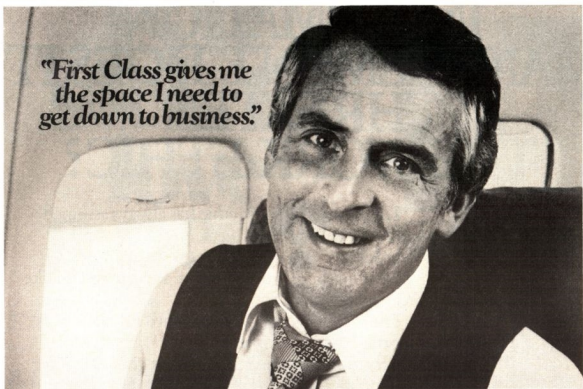
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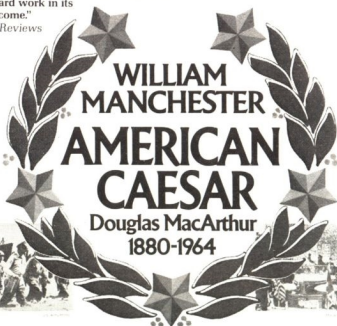
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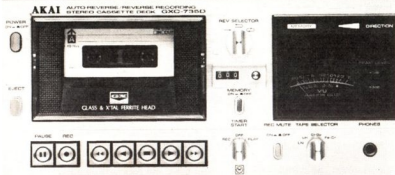
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Books

are worn by women in purdah while their denuded daughters in platform shoes kick up the dust in the streets of Istiqlal, the capital. Down in the slums the click of calabashes and the muezzin's call to prayer compete with an alien rhythm, "with words, repeated in the tireless ecstasy of religious chant, that seemed to say: Chuff, chuff/ do it to me, baby/ do it, do it./ Momma don't mind what Daddy say."

To Colonel Hakim Felix Ellelloù, Kush's Muslim-Marxist President, such imports are ideological and theological blasphemies. Yet Ellelloù himself has had his head turned by the West. At 17, he left his native village to join the French colonial army. He served in Indochina before Dien Bien Phu and spent the middle '50s studying liberal arts in Wisconsin. Back home, married to a white college sweetheart, Ellelloù rose through the ranks under a French-puppet king and then emerged as the leader of the coup that put him in power.

Narrated by Ellelloù, deposed and comfortably exiled in the South of France, the story has that sad, ironical tone of dislocation found in the novels of Vladimir Nabokov. "All their languages were second languages... clumsy masks their thoughts must put on," are among Updike's Nabokovian touches.

Small, black and physically unimpressive, Ellelloù can roam his parched land in virtual anonymity, at least when he leaves his silver Mercedes. He is essentially and purposely a faceless character, an ineffectual ruler who cannot symbolize the absolute authority of the old king and does not have the pragmatic instincts of his successors. "Our President," says one, "rules by mystical dissociation of sensibility."

In fact, that sensibility is frequently indistinguishable from Updike's gilded-gesso provok, a dog's palace of words that are as unexpectedly suited to fill the dreaded emptiness of Kush as they did the drab streets of Olinger, the fictional setting of some of the author's earlier stories.

Updike has visited Africa and now uses it as a vast removed stage on which to stretch his audacious talents. His descriptions of Kush indicate he could be one of our finest travel writers. His scenes of Ellelloù and his four wives again demonstrate that he is the master of reproducing the cold exchanges and icy silences of domestic warfare. His control of bizarre episodes—a U.S. AID adviser immolated atop a shipment of Kix Trix Chex Pops, Russian missile experts rollicking like Kievestone Kops, a severed head turned into a Disneyesque talking relic—steers him clear of gratuitous black humor.

Above all, *The Coup* exhibits Updike's boundless sense of play. It allows him to entertain serious questions, without the turgidness of writers who solemnly subscribe to the high-moral fiber diet. Updike, a former "Talk of the Town" writer for *The New Yorker*, now moves out to cover the Talk of the World.

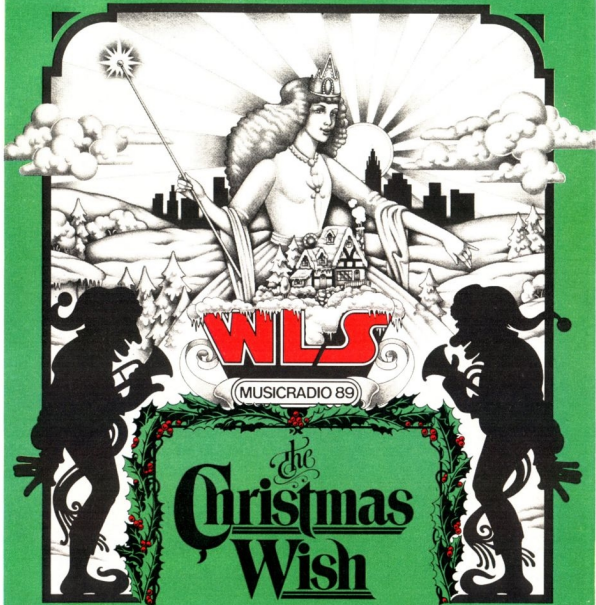
— R.Z. Sheppard



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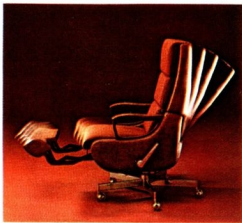
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A painting of two women in a room. The woman on the left is looking at the woman on the right, who is holding a glowing, ornate box. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, golden light emanating from the box. In the background, a man in a military uniform is visible through a doorway.

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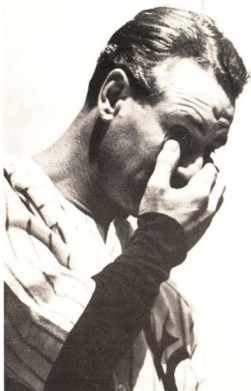
It was Nicole, one of the mysterious Karmonov twins, who first spoke of the secret... too much, perhaps.

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We should remember Lou Gehrig as a great man and athlete. But the disease that tore away every shred of his humanity before it killed him, should not be dignified by bearing his name.

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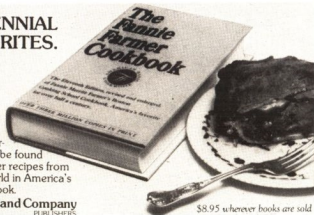
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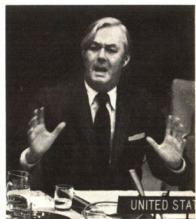
War of Words

A DANGEROUS PLACE
by Daniel Patrick Moynihan
with Suzanne Weaver
Atlantic-Little, Brown
297 pages; \$12.50

Daniel Patrick Moynihan was the most controversial and explosive U.S. ambassador ever appointed to the U.N. During eight stormy months in the post in 1975-76, he bruised so many feelings that a scandalized delegate said his colleagues were in "positive dread of his manners, his language and his abuse." The delegates will not be any happier with the ex-ambassador's account of his U.N. days. His scathing description of the organization: "Envision the British Home Office of 1900 enlarged five hundredfold, teeming with the incompetent appointees of decadent peers and corrupt borough councillors, infiltrated and near to immobilized by agents of the Black Hand, Sinn Fein and the Rosicrucians (some falsely representing themselves as devotees of Madame Blavatsky)."

For all his scorn, Moynihan does not want to quit the U.N. or ignore it; on the contrary, he insists on taking it more seriously as a forum to advance U.S. values and interests. He faults the American liberal intelligentsia for its reluctance to do ideological battle, for what he calls its failure of nerve. That is surely not his problem. His U.N. performance was so audacious that critics wondered if it were calculated to advance his own political ambitions. Though Moynihan vowed not to quit the U.N. to run for office, he did just that. He won election to the Senate in New York at least in part because he was such a resolute champion of Israel.

Yet his U.N. stance was not inconsistent with views he had expressed all along. He landed the job, in fact, after writing an article for *Commentary* magazine urging Americans to stand up for



Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Living in dread of his language.

TIME, DECEMBER 18, 1978

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Raja came from a destitute family. His father appealed to CCF for educational help. (India)



Rejane did not go to school because her parents were financially unable to send her. (Brazil)



Margarita's health was poor but her family couldn't afford a doctor. (Guatemala)



Elizabeth's parents worked as farm hands. They were too poor to buy beds for their hut. (Mexico)



Ana Clara's parents are illiterate but they were eager to send her to school. (Guatemala)



Saturnino cooked and cleaned house while his mother tried to earn a living. (Philippines)



Mulyan's diet consisted mainly of cassava flour cooked into a porridge. (Indonesia)



Leppia suffered from a severe protein deficiency called marasmus. (Kenya)



Francisco lived in a house made of mud and sticks with no running water or electricity. (Brazil)



Deepika's father could not get a job. Her mother worked but her meager earnings could not feed the family. (India)



Ming-Wen's father was lost in a shipwreck. His mother worked at odd jobs, but could not provide the necessities. (Taiwan)



Maiwan's father is a farmer but his land was so barren he could not earn enough to feed his children. (Thailand)

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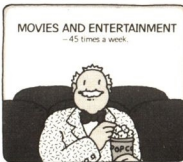
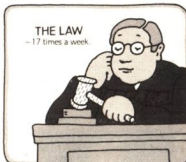
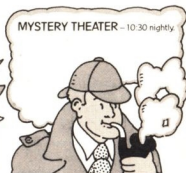
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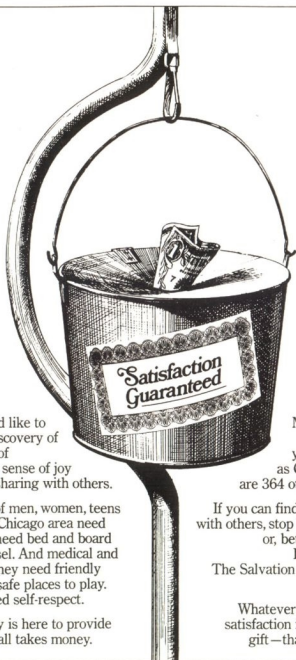
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Books

their principles and talk back to their totalitarian detractors. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger told Moynihan that he wished he had written the article himself. Notes Moynihan: "He said I would know this was the highest compliment he could pay another man. I did."

At the U.N., Moynihan lived up to his words. Certainly, the intemperate Third World attacks on the U.S. and Israel deserved some kind of strong rebuttal. He replied to Idi Amin's ranting assault on Israel by calling Uganda's dictator a "racist murderer." He exoriated the rest of the U.N. for tolerating vicious abuse of the world's dwindling democracies. "There are those in this country," he said, "whose pleasure, or profit, it is to believe that our assailants are motivated by what is wrong about us . . . We are assailed because we are a democracy."

Trying to assuage indignant Africans, the U.S. mission drafted a press release in which the ambassador would have acknowledged that while some of Amin's remarks were offensive, others deserved wide approval. Moynihan balked. "I let it be known," he writes, "that not one god-damn thing Amin had said had won my 'wide approval.'" It began to dawn on Kissinger that his ambassador was more than he had bargained for. Bit by leaked bit, the Secretary indicated his displeasure, until a rebuke via James Reston's column in the *New York Times* persuaded Moynihan that his job was at an end.

In his book, Moynihan settles some scores with the man who more or less dumped him. While professing to admire Kissinger's energy, ambition and daring, Moynihan portrays him as a Machiavellian who never says what he means. He claims that Kissinger's former aide, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, once told him: "Henry does not lie because it is in his interest. He lies because it is in his nature." (Denying he made such a remark, Sonnenfeldt says that it "sounds so much like a Moynihan aphorism.")

Still, the break between these two gifted public servants was baffling because they have much the same approach to world affairs. Unsentimental to the point of acidity, both appreciate the imperatives of power and have no illusions about their Communist opponents. Perhaps it was style as much as anything that separated them: the difference between a man whose words were always guarded and one whose words were never, between a man who practiced quiet diplomacy and one who sought public confrontation.

Their dialogue is likely to continue. Moynihan, apparently, wants to run for President. Failing that, he will remain in the Senate. Kissinger, meanwhile, has said that he, too, might like to run for the Senate in New York in 1980. If he were elected as New York's "junior" member, would the Senate be big enough to contain two such irrepressible and combustible personalities? — **Edwin Warner**

Who Needs the Art Clones?

The brochure is slim, almost discreet, yet it has caused more anger in the art world than any book in recent memory. In gold capitals on a burgundy ground, its cover announces "The Nelson Rockefeller Collection." Inside it resembles—and is—a mail-order catalogue, with scores of lavishly shot objects. These range from an 18th century Chinese porcelain teapot stand (\$65) to *Age of Bronze*, a nude youth by Rodin, at \$7,500. Everything comes from Rockefeller's private collection—one of the most celebrated, public or private, in America. But everything is imitation. The Modigliani you can have for only \$550 is just a glossy photograph. All the sculptures and ceramics are copies. Rocky still has the originals. "As life-long collectors of art ourselves," he writes in a "Dear Friend" preface to the catalogue, "Happy and I decided to share with others our joy of living with these beautiful objects and the thrills we have experienced collecting them." But it's frankly a business proposition: we share our art with you; you share your money with us. The people have no art? Then let them eat Cibachrome reproductions of Picassos at \$850 each.

Last week Rockefeller's venture—partly, no doubt, because the name makes such an inviting target—provoked a furious attack from the Art Dealers Association of America, a group of 105 of the leading U.S. dealers. Though not known for its militancy in the past, and hardly opposed to the profit motive, this eminent body went for the jugular. Rocky's reproductions, it said, "are not works of fine art, have no intrinsic aesthetic worth and have little or no resale value." Having denounced this "shameful

venture," the A.D.A.A. also called on museums to stop "making and selling pretentious reproductions." In reply, Rockefeller pointed out accurately that "I make no claims whatever for the investment value of my reproductions"—as well he might not. He went on to invoke the name of André Malraux, citing a passage in his writings that foresaw, in glowing terms, a "Museum Without Walls," by which all works of art would be diffused through reproduction as the common property of mankind, as orchestral music is disseminated through recordings. "I am surprised," Rockefeller added plaintively, "that the art dealers would launch such an unfair attack on a good customer."

Many of the Rockefeller offerings are china, candlesticks and reproductions of other domestic artifacts, which hardly deserve all the indignation. But the issue is wider, and this cat, once out of the bag, will not depart. The catalogue of costly, inauthentic art looks like a portent of the future: the Clone Museum, successor to the Museum Without Walls. A new cultural industry is rising: the mass production of elaborate, high-priced copies of art objects. They are not to be confused with ordinary, reasonably priced reproductions, including posters, postcards and photos, which are not only defensible but useful; the new products are "luxury" substitutes. The demand for them is a result of the art boom of the '60s and '70s, when prices rose with diz-

zing speed and millions of Americans were indoctrinated in the belief that art meant status and investment as well as refinement. So everyone wanted a Picasso; demand for "blue chip" artists was always ahead of supply.

The first category of object whose market was utterly changed by this was the original print—etching, woodcut or lithograph, a strictly limited edition of an image made, supervised and signed by an artist. Some original prints became almost as costly as master paintings. But prints were not reproductions. Photos or postcards could not satisfy the thirst for status. They were not exclusive; they were, in fact, genuinely democratic. Anyone could pin a postcard of a Rembrandt on the wall, for pennies. Hence the invention of another class of object, a chimera begotten by greed upon insecurity: the expensive reproduction, in a nominally "limited" edition that can actu-

ally go as far as 100,000 copies or more. These clones are a strange breed. For the \$7,500 Rockefeller's "Rodin" costs, anyone with an eye and some spirit could put together a few handsome original objects by excellent living artists—and have money left over for a week in Paris, spending every day at the Rodin Museum really learning something about a great sculptor. But every clone finds its target unerringly among those who would rather do a lacedoily imitation of the Sun King of Pocantico Hills than risk "mistakes" by developing their own taste.

Why not make these reproductions? ask the defenders. Doesn't copying have a long history? Doesn't all we know of some lost Greek sculptures come

from Roman copies of the originals? Didn't Rubens copy Titian, and Delacroix Rubens, and so on down the history of art? Perfectly true: but in every case an artist was doing the copying and the result was another work of art. There is no relationship between the copies Rubens made, in the high humility of his mature age, in order to keep learning from Titian, and the mass production of plastic Egyptian lions by the merchandising division of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. There may not be much wrong with such knock-knacks—as long as they don't become substitutes, in people's minds, for the real thing. Mechanical reproduction clumsily mimics but cannot replace the intimate spontaneity and directness of an artist's touch. The clone trade is to real art and its audience what Franklin Mint medals are to numismatists, or vinyl-morocco Great Books to bibliophiles.

This fact has not been lost on American museums. Faced with mounting costs and unbalanced budgets, they depend more and more on selling clones. Last year the Metropolitan Museum—the greatest general museum in this country—grossed slightly under \$16.8 million from its merchandising, no less than 44% of its gross income of \$37.8 million. Its rush into reproduction selling began with its last director, Thomas Hoving,



DRAWING BY STEVENSON. © 1978 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"We've redone the entire living room in Nelson Rockefeller."

who has since set himself up in private business as "Director Emeritus" of the Met, pushing mail-order sales of a photo-mechanical reproduction of a painting by Andrew Wyeth—not an artist's print, neither signed nor numbered, with no announced limit on the edition, yet priced at a fancy \$155 and carrying Hoving's imprimatur as an "investment."

The problem for museums is that, once committed to reproduction, they cannot easily back out. This in turn puts their fundamental duty to the public at risk. Museums have taken on many functions today. They are temples with the business problems of large corporations. They are arenas of education; they are also community centers and places of mass entertainment. But their one overriding job is still what it always was: to preserve and display significant works of art, in a secular framework and a historical matrix, in such a way that they can be seen and enjoyed for what they are and with the least possible ideological or commercial distraction. The authentic is always vulnerable—and the museum exists to defend it against a flood of inauthenticity. If a museum will not rigorously defend the difference between original works of art and copies, who will?

For the difference is crucial. Reproductions, however good,

are no more works of art than a signpost is a view. Cheap ones are indispensable as memory aides, triggers of emotion, teaching tools, instruments of study. But the most perfect replication of a Donatello is not a Donatello; it is a mechanical derivative into which no trace of imagination or shaping will has entered. It is intrinsically dead, like a stuffed trout. To say this is not to argue for some snobbish mystique of rarity, but merely to state a fact about history: works of art have the same rights to their integrity and singleness as any other document. If an artist meant to make only one sculpture, his intention should be respected, not violated, by museums or collectors. We go to the original because it is a model of authentic experience. This authenticity cannot be copied with molds and router bits. It can only be re-created by other artists in other works, and re-experienced by the open eye, the inquiring mind. Millions flock to art museums every year in quest of this epiphany. There is nothing elitist about protecting their right to it against the simplifiers, copyists and hucksters who are trying to reduce it to the profitable inauthenticity of Williamsburg or Frontierland. When promotion and fake populism get together, their child is schlock. This time, the art dealers are right, and the buyer should beware.

—Robert Hughes

Education

Feeling Threatened by the IRS

Proposed racial guidelines stir the private schools

Representative Barry Goldwater Jr. called it "an outrage." South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond said, "There is not a shred of authority for such an action." But Clarence Mitchell, chairman of The Leadership Council on Civil Rights called it "wonderful," and compared it to the Lord's work.

The object of the hearings held last week in Washington's ornate Departmental Auditorium was a well-intentioned, but possibly disruptive plan by the Internal Revenue Service to promote integration in the nation's 20,000 private elementary and secondary schools. Such schools qualify for exemptions from federal taxes as nonprofit institutions. But since 1970, federal courts have canceled the exemptions of more than 100 schools, many of them Southern "white flight" academies. Last August the IRS proposed a new racial test of its own for those schools that have grown rapidly or been created following desegregation. The service said that a school could maintain its tax exemption if it had enough minority students and suggested that an appropriate guideline would be one-fifth of the minority percentage in the community. For example, if 25% of the schoolchildren living within a district's boundaries belonged to minorities, then a private school located in that district would need at least 5% minority students to qualify as tax exempt. If a school failed to meet that standard, then it would have to demonstrate such good-faith efforts as recruiting and offering scholarships to minorities.

The majority of the nation's private schools are religious schools, some of which limit enrollment on the basis of belief; as a result, religious organizations

were particularly worried about the plan. But so were many secular private schools, which were sure to perish if their tax exemptions were withdrawn. More than 120,000 letters, most expressing vitriolic opposition to the plan, descended on the IRS after the proposal was announced.

Shaken by the uproar, the service invited more than 200 speakers to four ten-hour public meetings last week. To standing ovations from the 300-member audience, critics flailed the IRS for taking

so broad-gauged an action without the authority of new legislation, and for so broadly threatening religious schools. Ironically, even huge and integrated school systems like that run by the Roman Catholic Church, whose minority students nationwide average 16% enrollment, feared that their tax exemptions might nevertheless be endangered as a result of statistical quirks. As U.S. Catholic Conference Spokesman William Wonderly pointed out, "The IRS is mixing apples and oranges, because parochial schools are not arranged on public district boundaries."

To the IRS, which already requires tax-exempt schools to advertise their absence of racial discrimination, the new plan had seemed a logical next step. In Louisiana and Mississippi, courts have halted state aid to discriminatory schools but have left their federal tax exemptions intact; the new procedure would allow the IRS to lift those exemptions. Says IRS Commissioner Jerome Kurtz: "Existing procedures have permitted some schools to obtain tax-exempt status by having 'paper policies' of nondiscrimination, while in fact continuing to operate in a racially discriminatory manner." U.S. Civil Rights Commission Chairman Arthur Flemming supported Kurtz at last week's hearings, calling the IRS plan "a necessary and long overdue step forward."

Still, the odds are that the IRS will modify its plan, a move that would win support from such Senate liberals as Edmund Muskie, Thomas Eagleton and John Chafee—all of whom have urged the service to give more thought to the needs of "innocent private and parochial institutions." Said Commissioner Kurtz: "This is a question we are very concerned about and will be examining closely." Although he gave no hint of the IRS's response, Kurtz made it plain to the chorus urging him to revise his plan that he had got the message. ■



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